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The New REPUBLIC

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I (FROM AN EDITORIAL)

I WANT to persuade my readers to secure the current issue of *The Bookman*. In my opinion, this is the most important and the most significant number ever printed.

I have known *The Bookman* from its birth in England, October, 1891, and have but to turn around in my chair to reach for the first eleven volumes. In 1897 I left England and a little while later transferred my allegiance to *The Bookman* in America, whose first editor was, I believe, Professor Thurston Peck. In all these years since I do not recall a single issue which, for interest, insight, and courage, comes up to the one that lies on my desk at this moment.

Glenway Wescott's appreciation of Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Chesterton's characteristic outburst on "Magic and Fantasy in Fiction," Francis Hackett's essay on "The Post-Victorians," and Hamlin Garland's "Roadside Meetings," would, by themselves, make any magazine notable. But that which makes this issue so worth while for the student of contemporary tendencies in literature is the space that it gives to, and the attitude it reveals toward, humanism. Not to speak of the rather militant controversy between Allen Tate and Robert Shafer on what Mr. Tate called "The Fallacy of Humanism," there are two other articles that should be read by everybody who would understand what all the excitement is about.

Mr. Seward Collins, the editor, devotes his whole article on "Chronicle and Comment" to humanism. In fifteen two-column pages Mr. Collins gives his readers the most thorough and intelligent review and exposition of the humanistic movement it has ever been my good fortune to read. It would be impossible to give in a few paragraphs the gist of this comprehensive essay. I think there is scarcely a point at issue between humanists and anti-humanists on which Mr. Collins has not something illuminating to say. The whole movement is here set forth with a sympathetic understanding and a clarity of expression that makes the essay of immense value to those of my readers who know of humanism only what its enemies have ignorantly said of it.

But the chief place is given to Mr. Paul Elmer More's article on "A Revival of Humanism." It is far more than the review of *Humanism and America,* which it modestly pretends to be. It is an answer—and a magnificent answer—to all those sneering critics who delight in pointing out that humanists "can't even agree among themselves," and who draw the damning conclusion that humanism is nothing but confusion worse confounded. That there should be divergencies in so critical and delicate an attitude toward life and letters as humanism implies is a foregone conclusion, the human mind being what it is. But the truly impressive thing is the unanimity of humanists on certain essential and revolutionary views and attitudes. W. E. L.

In the *Foxboro* (Mass.) *Reporter*, March 29.

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Week

IF THE naval conference has made any progress during the past week, it has not been discernible to the naked eye. Britain's unwillingness to give France a definite guarantee of security, the French insistence on a huge naval building program, and Italy's demand for a theoretical parity with France even though she could not possibly build the ships to make it a reality—all these have conspired to diminish the hope of any effective achievement on a big scale. Most of the delegates have been far more concerned about the maintenance of national prestige, and about keeping their fleets at maximum size and efficiency, than they have been about peace. There is nothing particularly surprising in all this; despite the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact, most of the Great Powers do not yet regard the peace machinery as an adequate substitute for the old war system; they profess devotion to the one and practise allegiance to the other, and while this continues to be true, not much can be hoped from any conference for the limitation of armament.

AMID some of the most dramatic scenes in modern history, Mahatma Gandhi's campaign of civil disobedience in India is going forward. Gandhi and his band of followers have reached the seashore and have gone through their ceremonial act of manufacturing salt in disobedience to the government monopoly. As a result, several of his lieutenants have already been tried and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and at least sixty other followers have been arrested, including his son. The emotional strain is daily growing more intense, and at any moment a catastrophic outbreak may occur. In selecting the salt tax as the first object of attack, Mr. Gandhi showed high political strategy. As Mr. C. F. Andrews has lately reminded us, many millions of Indians live, in the most desperate poverty, almost entirely on rice with a little salt added. The salt tax, which was doubled shortly after the Great War, hits at the poor man while it hardly touches the rich. Mr. Gandhi has already announced two other steps in his campaign, which will be directed against the use of factory-woven cloth, and against alcoholic liquor.

THE most amazing thing about the famine in China is the small amount of attention it is receiving elsewhere. Here is one of the most dreadful calamities of modern times, in which several million persons have already starved to death and several million more are doomed; twenty years ago, it would have been, and continued to be, a leading subject of public interest, while today the average newspaper reader hardly knows that it exists. For this there are at least three causes. First, there is the feeling, reinforced by the decision of the American Red Cross, that relief is impossible. Even if ample food lay in the seaports, means of transportation could not be improvised in time to reach the suffering population—or if they were, bandits would probably seize the supplies and prevent the relief of those who need it most. In the second place, since China is hopelessly overpopulated, and since it seems impossible, for various reasons, to persuade the Chinese to practise birth control,

many persons believe that an occasional famine is a necessary, no matter how dreadful, method of reducing the pressure. Finally, the suffering no longer makes so deep an impression as formerly, simply because the world has been through such miseries since 1914 that we have all grown callous.

A FEW weeks ago The New Republic published an article on the scandal in the Federal Power Commission, which mentioned the pending question concerning the disposal of the Flathead power site. The Montana Power Company, which makes extravagant profits, wants to lease this site, and was temporarily prevented from obtaining the lease only by the appearance of a rival, independent bidder, Mr. Walter H. Wheeler of Minneapolis, who offered to charge lower rates for electricity than had been offered by the power company, and to pay more to the Indian owners. We are not in a position to judge between these bids for the third largest power site in the United States, and it may be that neither of them ought to be granted. But one thing is certain—no decision should be made by the Power Commission as at present constituted. Executive Secretary Bonner of the Commission is charged, on the basis of good evidence, with being a representative of private utility interests. A proposal was made in his annual message by President Hoover, and is embodied in a bill by Senator Couzens, to reorganize the Commission. If, under these circumstances, the Commission proceeds to sign away for fifty years such an important site, the makings of a major scandal will be at hand. Let us first make sure that the utilities have no improper influence over the Commission, and that it is adequately equipped to perform its work, before such an important decision is made.

SOME time ago the Interstate Commerce Commission protested that individual railroads were effecting unifications without gaining its consent for consolidation as required by law, by means of acquiring stock interest in the roads desired. In certain cases the Commission cited the railroads in question for violation of the Clayton anti-trust act. Now, as Commissioner Eastman has testified before a Senate committee, the same avoidance of the Commission's authority is sought by the formation of holding corporations, controlled by powerful railroad interests, which buy control in the properties desired, even in cases where the roads have been differently allotted in the Commission's plan. Legislation to place the holding corporations under the control of the Commission is advocated. Meanwhile the building of larger railroad units is viewed with increased misgivings by shippers and labor. Its public advantages are not apparent; it is proceeding, not according to the purposes outlined in the transportation act, in order to enhance the power and profits of the controlling groups. Senator Couzens has introduced a resolution to stop the whole process until the country has time to assess the situation and make up its mind anew. It is still probable that consolidation of the sort which is taking place will not improve railroad operation in the public interest, but will revive the movement for public ownership.

PRESIDENT William Green of the American Federation of Labor gave the professional business optimists a shock by his testimony before the Senate Committee on Labor concerning the volume and seriousness of unemployment. He placed the Federation squarely behind Senator Wagner's bills for a national system of free employment exchanges and a reserve fund for advance planning of construction to help relieve the slack. If these bills, blocked by the influence of President Coolidge when they were first introduced two years ago, had then been enacted into law, we should have been much better prepared than we were for the crisis of this winter. President Hoover's business conferences, in spite of all their ballyhoo, were not able to start new construction promptly enough to alleviate the worst period of joblessness. That requires advance planning, ready funds, action when employment begins to decline instead of after the calamity is upon us. Has Mr. Hoover a real engineering program of his own in this matter? Or will he let the opportunity pass to obtain the beginning of a working machinery, while his staff continues the attempt to persuade the country that conditions are better than they are?

RESEARCH students interested in the censorship disease of Boston and Massachusetts should find valuable data in the recent debate and vote on a free-speech bill in the House of Representatives on Beacon Hill. The bill, in the form of an amendment to the general laws governing the state's public parks, proposes that a certain part of Boston Common and of other public parks in other cities throughout the Commonwealth be designated as places where "no permit or license shall be required as a prerequisite to the making of any form of speech or address." The fight for it on the floor of the House was led by Representative Joseph Finnegan of Boston, an able young Irish Catholic, who cited Hyde Park in London as the example of what Boston Common should be. He was vigorously supported by other members of the Legal Affairs Committee and by Representative John P. Connolly of Boston, another young Irish Catholic, who read the section from the United States Constitution guaranteeing free speech and said that Massachusetts should no longer be content to be "the laughing stock of the world."

THE opposition was led by Representative Lewis R. Sullivan, Jr., of Boston, a Curley Democrat, and by Representative Martha N. Brookings of Gloucester, a Republican. Representative Sullivan's opening remarks set the tone of the entire opposition. The author of the bill, Mr. Goodale (as-

sistant United States Commissioner for the Boston district), he explained, is a law partner of Arthur D. Hill, "who, we all remember, was last counsel of record for Sacco and Vanzetti." "That makes it plain," he declared, "who is behind the bill. It's a Communist bill." The bogey of birth-control speeches was also advanced. The voice vote on the bill was in doubt; a standing vote was taken. It was reported, with many members absent, as 59 for the bill and 58 against. No doubt was expressed. Then stepped forward Leverett Saltonstall, the young Republican Speaker of the House, Harvard College and Law School graduate, son of one of Boston's most Brahmin families. On practically no questions does the Speaker vote except in case of a tie. In this instance, Speaker Saltonstall departed from that practice and voted "No," making a tie and killing the bill. A roll call was taken, the corridors were combed, and the vote stood 134 against to 81 for. The question for research is the stand of the Brahmin Saltonstall against the Finnegans and Connollys. Is Curleyism winning Brahmin adherents?

THE Sunday riot at Cooper Union, in New York City, which resulted in the serious wounding of a rioter and the death of a bystander, called attention both to an interesting man and to an outrageous defect in our immigration laws. The man is Armando Borghi, whose attempted arrest for deportation was the cause of the riot. An anti-Fascist, formerly a member of the Italian parliament, he escaped from Italy after his newspaper office was bombed and his house destroyed. Since then he has written bitter attacks on Mussolini. In 1928, two years after he took refuge in this country, it is said that the Italian consul in Boston tore up his passport when he presented it for renewal. He cannot return to Italy without suffering certain imprisonment; his friends say, indeed, that his life would not be safe there overnight. He cannot go to another country without a passport. He cannot, under our present laws, remain in the United States. The immigration authorities, in attempting to deport him, are, in effect, sentencing him to death for the minor offense of of staying in this country after his visa has expired. There are many other anti-Fascists in the same situation. There will soon be hundreds of Mexicans in that situation, if the new quota law is passed. The New Republic strongly urges that Congress enact an amendment to the immigration laws under which bona fide political refugees would be permitted to enter and to remain in this country. Only in this way can our government remedy a state of affairs which has already become an international scandal.

PRESIDENT Stratton D. Brooks of the University of Missouri has been removed from his post by the Board of Curators. He will be on compulsory leave of absence until his term in office expires at the end of this year and will not be reappointed. While the Board insists that its action has nothing to do with the famous "sex questionnaire" of a year ago, it is impossible to dissociate the two incidents. As our readers may remember from our recent discussion of the subject ("That 'Immoral' Questionnaire," The New Republic, March 26, 1930) Professor De Graff was dismissed and Professor Meyer suspended from the University, for circulating among the women students a questionnaire in which they were asked to reply, anonymously, to a series of hypothetical questions designed to show their attitude toward conventional sexual morality. President Brooks called this questionnaire a "damn fool idea" and "sewer sociology," and gave his unqualified approval to a newspaper editorial which described it as "filthy, degrading, immoral, revolting and perverted in character and tone." It ought to be obvious that a man who, in the third decade of the twentieth century, could feel this way about an honest scientific inquiry into a fundamental situation of great importance, is a poor selection to be head of a great state university. We doubt whether the Board of Curators recognized this fact; but whatever their grounds for dismissing President Brooks, we believe the action was in accord with sound public policy.

Judge Parker and the Injunction

IT WAS apparent, as soon as President Hoover announced the appointment of Judge John F. Parker of North Carolina to the Supreme Court, that he had chosen an undistinguished candidate for political reasons, although really fine jurists were available. A Republican appointment in a border state helps the party machine, whether or not it strengthens the court. The protest of the American Federation of Labor against Judge Parker because he affirmed the drastic Red Jacket injunction against the United Mine Workers makes it clear, in addition, that Mr. Hoover completely ignored the warning provided by the opposition to the appointment of Mr. Hughes. If a man of Chief Justice Hughes's distinction is open to objection because of the tendency of his legal philosophy and associations, what possible wisdom is there in the choice of an unproved man who has put his seal on what is perhaps the most reactionary practice of the American courts—one which has been questioned by noted conservative lawyers themselves?

The Red Jacket case is one of the worst of those in which the federal courts have been utilized as a fighting weapon by employers who wish to reinforce industrial autocracy and prevent trade-union organization among their employees. The technique by which the Red Jacket company enlisted the support of the courts is known by labor as the "yellow-dog contract." This is an agreement, which an applicant for employment is forced to sign as a condi-

tion of getting or keeping a job, that he will not join a union. When representatives of the union then persuade the worker to enlist in the organization of his trade, or help him in any way to take collective action, the court is induced to enjoin them from doing so on the ground that they are inducing "breach of contract." The lack of real equity in such a proceeding must be obvious. It is admitted that the bargaining power of the individual laborer is far inferior to that of the employer, especially if the employer is a large corporation. If the applicant does not want to sign the "contract" in question, his only alternative in many cases is to starve for lack of work. The contract has no definite term; there is no exchange of "considerations." It is, furthermore, an agreement whose effect is contrary to public policy in numerous ways, not the least of which is that men ought to have the right of free association in an endeavor to improve their wages and conditions of work.

Labor has a justifiable grievance against the abuse of the injunction in many cases which do not involve the yellow-dog contract. Anyone who wants to investigate this grievance can do no better than read the recently published scholarly work on the subject by Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School and Nathan Green of the New York Bar, entitled "The Labor Injunction."

If labor representatives do anything unlawful in the conduct of a strike they may be arrested and tried in the usual way. But when an employer turns to an injunction instead of to the police, he enlists the aid of a court of equity. On the basis of partisan affidavits (which any strike-breaking agency is prepared to supply wholesale) the employer may charge that labor is doing something unlawful, or that it is maliciously injuring the property right which he holds in his business, or acting in some other allegedly inequitable way. These charges are not immediately tried; witnesses are not examined or cross-examined; but simply because the allegation has been made, the court may issue a temporary restraining order which often forbids, not merely acts which would ordinarily be unlawful (and of which the union may or may not be guilty) but well-nigh everything which men might do in support of a perfectly legitimate strike. In the Red Jacket case, for instance, the union was forbidden to pay the rent of strikers or offer them other financial assistance. Such prohibitions are not uncommon, nor are sweeping orders against discussing the strike, publishing the fact of its existence, holding meetings or aiding strikers in legal defense of their rights.

If labor obeys the order, the strike is often broken then and there. Though an injunction is supposed to be issued only to prevent irreparable injury (to the employer), the rights and welfare of the workers may thus in fact be irreparably injured. If the strikers disobey the order, they are guilty of "contempt of court," and can be tried and sentenced by the very judge who laid down the law as to what they could not do. The law governing their action was not made by any legislature, their guilt is not decided by any jury and the penalty exacted is not limited by legislative acts. The same man acts as legislature, jury and judge. There is no mystery as to why labor bitterly resents such use of the injunction, and regards it as an infringement of fundamental rights and constitutional guarantees.

If, after the inevitable delay, the case comes to trial, and the court dismisses the preliminary order, the damage to the interest of the strikers in question has often been done. And if the court makes the injunction permanent, as happened in the Red Jacket case, the judicial arm of the government has been employed to prevent permanently the alleviation of low wages, long hours and unfair working conditions. The grounds on which such decisions rest are frequently tenuous, and take little account of the broad economic and social questions involved. The judge may reason that because the product is sold in interstate commerce, labor is attempting to restrain trade in violation of the anti-trust laws, although it is well known that union action, to be effective, must often raise the standards of workers across the borders of the states. Or he may arbitrarily decide that workers under one employer have no legitimate interest in the condition of workers under another employer, although the economic fact may be that it is necessary to improve the conditions of both groups of workers in order to retain the gains of either. The practical injustice of such decisions sometimes goes to extremes. In the Bedford Stone Cutters case, for instance, the Supreme Court declared it illegal for men to refuse to work on stone which had been quarried by concerns against whom other men, belonging to the same organization and governed by the same union constitution, were on strike. This court order against refraining from work, Justice Brandeis properly declared, "reminds of involuntary servitude."

It is argued in defense of Judge Parker that in affirming the Red Jacket decision of District Judge McClintic of West Virginia he was merely following the precedent laid down by the Supreme Court in the Hitchman case. This is not exactly true; the Red Jacket case goes somewhat further than the Hitchman case. But even if it were true, it would furnish no good reason for his appointment to the Supreme Bench. Judge Parker is not on trial; the question is not whether he acted in a technically legitimate way; the question concerns the function of the Supreme Court in determining economic policies. A minority of the Court protested against the Hitchman and other like decisions; there are circuit and district judges who obviously would side with the minority on similar questions, who would help to give the court sounder judgment and a more wholesome complexion. President Hoover in passing over these men for Judge Parker has in effect chosen to perpetuate the

reactionary tendency of the Court. The Senate ought to reverse him.

And the discussion ought not to stop here. No matter who is appointed and confirmed, the use of injunctions in labor cases ought to be regulated by the right kind of legislation. As Frankfurter and Greene point out, "the right of combination by workers is itself a corollary to the dogma of free competition, as a means of equalizing the factors that determine bargaining power. Undoubtedly, hardships and even cruelties are involved in this phase, as in other aspects, of our competitive system. Wise statesmanship here enters to determine at precisely what points the cost of competition is too great. Primarily this is the task of legislatures. Only within very narrow limits is it the function of courts to apply their own notions of policy." This is so, say the authors, even when the courts do so "under the subtler guise of enforcing constitutional coercion."

In the last session of Congress the Senate Judiciary Committee drafted an admirable measure on the labor injunction. It begins by declaring a public policy in favor of labor organization and collective bargaining, in order that labor may have, not only technical freedom *of* contract, but real freedom *to* contract. On the basis of this policy the bill makes the "yellow-dog contract" unenforceable by the federal courts. It forbids the issuance of injunctions against the ordinary and lawful union methods in conducting strikes. It forbids the issuance of injunctions in behalf of any employer who has failed to use every reasonable effort to settle the dispute by negotiation, mediation or arbitration. It regulates the procedure of granting injunctions to remedy the evils of the partisan temporary restraining order. It guarantees a jury trial to those accused of violating the injunction. Legislation of this character should be regarded as being of first importance on the calendar of Congress, so that our ill-informed or prejudiced Judge Parkers and our politically minded Presidents will no longer have so much scope to perpetuate through the Supreme Court an indefensible policy.

Conservation on the Canadian Border

THE old question, whether a corporation head should possess rights in public lands superior to the rights of the public itself, is raised in a peculiarly vivid form by the hearing on the Shipstead-Newton-Nolan bill, which the House Committee on Public Lands has just completed. The bill, which will probably be reported to the House very shortly, has not yet received as much public attention as its vital importance to the future of conservation deserves. It involves the future of American and Canadian good feeling, as well as the future of forest conservation, game protection and the permanent preservation of a unique recreational area.

It is now five years since the public was first allowed to learn of an ambitious project to dam the beautiful lakes along the Minnesota-Ontario boundary in order to advance a private power project. The seven dams which the project envisaged are part of an elaborate program which would result in control of an immense lake and forest area lying in Canada and the United States and occupying 14,500 square miles. The dams would affect thousands of miles of wild, wooded shores and add to the plight of the homesteaders at the entrance to the region, many of whom have been dispossessed of their lands by the existing dams.

The people of the region, together with sportsmen and nature-lovers in every part of the United States, promptly united in a vigorous protest against the scheme. Opposed to them stood only one man, Mr. E. W. Backus, Minneapolis lumber millionaire. Mr. Backus steadfastly refused to reveal what purpose would be served by increased water power in a region where there is at present no public demand for power of any kind. Since the lake land whose beauty would be totally ruined by the project lies on both sides of the international frontier, it was evident that coöperation between lovers of outdoor life in Canada and in the United States was necessary. This need eventually led to the organization of the international Quetico-Superior Council—named for the two great forests, one Canadian, the other American, which already lie on opposite sides of the boundary—which works in association with the Izaak Walton League of America.

After long and careful study, the Council devised a plan providing both for the permanent preservation of the region as a wilderness sanctuary and for its permanent use as a timber reserve. It proposed to hold the waters of the lakes at their present natural level, and to forbid lumbering or other exploitation along the margins of lakes and streams—thus protecting their wild natural beauty forever. But it also proposed to permit scientific lumbering (not the usual ruthless exploitation) under the supervision of the United States Forest Service, beyond the visible shore line.

This program, the first step of which is embodied in the Shipstead-Newton-Nolan bill, looks forward to the ultimate establishment, with Canadian cooperation, of a vast international forest and park, guarding the remaining public lands on both sides of the border against exhaustion. It would thus at the same time restore to productivity, as fast as possible, the forest lands which have already been cut over. This, of course, is impossible without the negotiation of a treaty between the United States and Canada. This proposal has already been endorsed both by the Canadian Legion and the American Legion, as well as by hundreds of other organizations on both sides of the border. In the

meantime, however, it is necessary to safeguard the American public lands, and this purpose the bill specifically serves. It withdraws such lands on the American side from "entry or appropriation," and applies the "principle of conserving the natural beauty of shore lines for recreational use" to "all federal lands which border upon any boundary lake." It also prohibits any federal agency from granting authority to alter lake levels without sanction of Congress. The object stated is "to preserve the shore lines, rapids, waterfalls, beaches and other natural features of the region in an unmodified state of nature." There is a special exception, permitting the United States Forest Service to construct reservoirs of not more than 100 acres for scientific logging under its supervision.

The bill was first introduced in Congress April 5, 1928. Its sponsor in the Senate was Senator Henrik Shipstead, of Minnesota. Its sponsor in the House was Congressman Walter H. Newton, also of Minnesota. The bill was reintroduced by Congressman Newton at the 1929 special session. At the present session it was again reintroduced, with Senator Shipstead and Congressman W. I. Nolan, of Minneapolis, as sponsors, Mr. Newton having in the meantime become Secretary to the President.

At the same time, Congressman Pittenger, of Duluth, introduced another bill, ostensibly for the same purpose but opening many of the lands to exploitation, and permitting "appropriation" even within the protected area. In spite of its avowed purpose, this bill had no support by recognized conservationists and the reasons for its introduction remain obscure. Opponents of the conservation scheme have been quick to take advantage of the confusion created by the appearance of this second bill.

The situation was somewhat complicated during the recent hearings by a note from the Canadian government. Apparently acting at the request of the provincial government of Ontario, Canada has formally suggested the undesirability of new legislation by Congress which might conflict with the treaties of 1909 and 1925. Under the first of these treaties, no alteration in the level of the border lakes can be made without the prior approval of the International Joint Commission, with headquarters at Ottawa and Washington. Under the second, the two countries agreed to refer to the Commission, for examination and recommendation, the question of raising certain lake levels.

As the Quetico-Superior Council has worked from the beginning with the knowledge of the Joint Commission, and as scrutiny of the texts both of treaties and bill reveals no conflict, the reasons for this note from Canada, whose citizens are strongly represented on the Quetico-Superior Council, have been the subject of considerable conjecture among Canadians. The State Department has already reassured the House Committee on Public Lands. It holds that there is no conflict. But to meet any possible fears, the Department last year suggested an amendment providing that nothing in the bill should be construed as interfering with the work of the Commission. This was approved by the House Committee on Public lands and is now part of the bill.

There is some doubt as to what effect the note will have on Canadian sentiment. There is already unrest in Canada at the prospect that one man's companies may come into control of these beautiful and historic waterways—pathways of the first explorers. Many citizens of Ontario are fearful that the Backus scheme will ultimately result in the passing of the whole western part of the province, from the Great Lakes to Manitoba, under the general domination of one American millionaire. They recall the huge concessions of timber and power that have already dropped almost magically into the hands of this shrewd American. They very properly regard the process as little better than veiled annexation.

The issue is thus clearly joined. Passage of the Shipstead-Newton-Nolan bill will protect the lakes and wilderness on the American side. Under it, they will remain available forever for recreational purposes and for scientific forestry. The way will be cleared for later action to set aside a huge international forest, as proposed by Canadian citizens some years ago. The area will stand forever as an example of international good feeling and coöperation for a truly constructive purpose.

Rejection of the Shipstead-Newton-Nolan bill, on the other hand, will flout the clearly expressed wishes of hundreds of citizens' organizations, Canadian and American, representing business men, conservationists, nature-lovers, scientists, and such bodies as the Quetico-Superior Council, the Izaak Walton League, the Canadian Automobile Association, the Canadian Legion, and the American Legion. The way will be opened for those who wish to destroy, for private gain, one of the last beautiful records of what North America was when the white man came.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Muscle Shoals Lobby

How the Cyanamid Company Has Hoodwinked the Farmers

THE future of the great government plant at Muscle Shoals is still undecided. The power interests, represented by the Alabama Power Company, have long been trying to get hold of it. So has the American Cyanamid Company, which has asserted, in order to gain farmer support, that it wants to use the plant chiefly to make fertilizer. In its previous session, Congress passed Senator Norris' bill for government operation, but President Coolidge killed it by a pocket veto. The Senate has again passed the bill, but even if the House does the same, President Hoover will probably reject it, and if he does, it is not certain that it could be repassed over his veto. Meanwhile, we are beginning to get some of the history of the intrigue which has heretofore blocked it.

Recent testimony before the Senate Lobby Investigating Committee by a representative of the American Farm Bureau Federation, an organization of one million farmers over the country, revealed how the White House has been eating out of the hand of this farmers' lobby in the matter of Muscle Shoals. The lobbyist, Chester H. Gray, admitted that he had influenced President Coolidge to stop the Department of Agriculture from writing a Muscle Shoals bill which he, Mr. Gray, did not like; that he had persuaded President Coolidge to assign his Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Herbert Hoover, to help Mr. Gray in putting over a Muscle Shoals bill he did like. Furthermore, he actually dictated the paragraph on Muscle Shoals in one of President Coolidge's messages to Congress. Strange that the big-business administration should have shown such respect for the desires of the farmers? Ah! but Mr. Gray was pushing the Cyanamid bid for Muscle Shoals, by which the government turns over the people's property to a private company promising to manufacture fertilizer for the farmer —and actually meaning to do nothing of the kind.

Aside from the argument of Senator Norris, who has gone over the situation with chemists, that the cyanamide process of manufacturing fertilizer is obsolete, newer methods having been devised, there is plenty of evidence that the American Cyanamid Company is not leasing Muscle Shoals to manufacture fertilizer. Why should it? When Henry Ford bargained for Muscle Shoals some years ago, the president of the American Cyanamid Company himself testified before the Committee on Military Affairs, before which the bill came up, that the value of this development was not in its fertilizer possibilities, but in its electric-power resources. The profits from the water power are so stupendous in comparison with the Cyanamid's proposed profit on the fertilizer that it is absurd to suppose that so great a business concern as the Cyanamid Company would dedicate itself to such poor business.

Moreover, the recapture clause of the bid, which should provide for the government's recovery of Muscle Shoals on the failure of the lessee to manufacture fertilizer, doesn't guarantee that at all. Drawn up by that great legal mind, Charles Evans Hughes, the recapture clause consists of twenty-one lines of whereases, provisos and heretofores, which, translated into intelligible English, state that in fifteen years (not until then, mind you), if the lessee is converting all the power at Muscle Shoals into profits and none into fertilizer, a board may (not must) file a complaint with the Secretary of War; that the matter is then to be submitted to arbitrators, who are to hold hearings; that if the arbitrators agree with the board that the suspension of the manufacture of fertilizer is likely to be permanent—no, the lease isn't canceled yet—the matter then is to be referred to the Secretary of War; that he is to refer it to Congress, which *may* acquit the company of the duty of making fertilizer; finally, in case Congress fails to act, the Secretary of War may acquit the company himself.

Senator Black, of Alabama, who is not a government-operation man, but has committed himself to getting fertilizer for the farmer out of the nitrates at Muscle Shoals, said of the Madden-Wright bill, in which the Cyanamid offer is incorporated, "The bill, as now written, in my judgment, would not cause enough operation of the nitrate plants to remove the rust from the wheels."

Why do the farmers support a company that is using them as a blind to acquire the power at Muscle Shoals for its own profit? Because they don't know that Mr. Gray, who writes the resolutions which they trustfully accept at annual conventions, is fooling them. He says that the Cyanamid bid is their means of procuring cheap fertilizer, and they believe him, as the rank and file of the American Legion believe their leaders who tell them that the conscription bills before Congress conscript capital. They don't know the facts as they were brought out at the hearings: that Gray opposes amendments on the Muscle Shoals bills, not as they affect the farmers, but as they affect the Cyanamid Company; that he refused to allow the president of the Cyanamid Company to submit to a more drastic recapture clause, which would certainly be to the advantage of the farmers; that R. F. Bower, who addressed them as a representative of the American Farm Bureau Federation at farmers' meetings, was paid by the

Cyanamid Company or its ally, the Tennessee River Improvement Association; that the pamphlets and circulars sent out by O. M. Kile for the American Farm Bureau Federation brought him $725 a month from the Cyanamid Company. Do they know that when the little town of Muscle Shoals offered to buy power from the government, Mr. Gray, the farmers' representative, promptly warned President Coolidge not to establish the bad precedent of government dispensation of power? No power company could have been more perturbed. How could they suspect that their representative coöperated with the secretary of the National Fertilizer Company, which opposes the manufacture of fertilizer, naturally, but favors private operation of Muscle Shoals (and for a good reason)?

"Does the question come up as to what the farmers are thinking?" the credulous husbandmen read in the propaganda disseminated by the American Farm Bureau Federation. "Send for Gray," is the order, and Gray, speeding by taxi down the broad boulevard, arrives under the Capitol dome to tell Congressmen and Senators just how their contemplated course will affect the farmers and what the probable reaction will be.

No inkling have they of shadowy maneuvers such as are revealed, for example, in a letter dated July 24, 1929, written by Mr. Gray to Mr. Edward A. O'Neal, president of the Alabama Farm Bureau Federation. "Relative to your authorizing R. F. Bower to do some field work this summer and fall," says Gray, "in deflecting senatorial votes from the Norris resolution, I know the question which will be uppermost in your mind will be whether or not you, as president of the Alabama Farm Bureau Federation, desire to send out a member of the personnel when the finances to support him come from sources other than the regular income of your Federation." And thereupon Mr. Gray reminds his colleague that the performance is not without precedent in their organization.

The blitheness with which their own leaders hoodwink the farmers undoubtedly relieved the White House conscience for doing likewise. So coveted a prize is farmers' support for a bill which sanctions private operation of a public property that President Coolidge could not resist it, even though it was given under an illusion. When Mr. Gray informed him in 1926 that the farmers would never support the bid of a power company for Muscle Shoals unless, like the American Cyanamid Company, it wore a chemical cloak, the President got the point. Moreover, he agreed with Gray that the man to effect a compromise between the power and the so-called "chemical interests," and thus insure the defeat of the Norris resolution for the federal operation of Muscle Shoals, was his Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover. That Mr. Hoover made the attempt was brought out by correspondence at the hearings; but it failed.

The plan, however, was too good to abandon. Gray and his cohorts held conferences with the Alabama Power Company, while instructions from the president of the Cyanamid Company poured in. The Tennessee River Improvement Association, of which the distinguished Republican National Committee chairman, Claudius H. Huston, was president, came out loudly for the Cyanamid bid and quietly accepted money from the power companies. Recognizing the kinship of the enemy—after all, the Cyanamid Company has no distributing system and would have to sell the power generated at Muscle Shoals to the power interests—and duly impressed with the farm appeal of the Cyanamid Company, the power companies withdrew their clamors for Muscle Shoals. It was a tacit agreement, Mr. Bell told Mr. Gray, entered into out of respect for our monopoly law. Through it, everybody was to get his—except the unlucky electric-light user, who would have to pay a middleman's profit on his bills. Thus, the Cyanamid bid came to be the outstanding opposition offer to Mr. Norris' resolution for Muscle Shoals.

In other ventures in behalf of the farmers and their interest in Muscle Shoals, the White House was more effective. Early in 1928, Chester Gray, prowling around in the Department of Agriculture, gathered that somebody was working on a Muscle Shoals bill based on the government-operation idea. Immediately the farmers' representative thought of the American Cyanamid Company, and tore to the White House. Before he could finish his report of the dangerous activities at the Department of Agriculture—so Gray imparted to O'Neal—the President actually sent word that any effort to write a bill competitive to the Madden-Wright Muscle Shoals bill must cease until the Department had conferred with him. "There is no doubt in my mind that the President is with us," wrote Gray, after the President's secretary called him up to report the progress of the conference. The President had declared therein that "he wanted the Madden bill to have the right of way unobstructed," and the Department had promised to write no more Muscle Shoals bills.

"Oh, yes, I had a very fine contact at the White House on the Muscle Shoals in the Coolidge administration," Gray boasted before the Lobby Committee.

"You mean you controlled the President?" asked Chairman Caraway.

"No, I conferred with him upon details as they came along, sometimes at my solicitation and sometimes at his."

"Two souls with but a single thought," suggested Caraway.

"That is it," agreed Gray, "poetically expressed."

But the greatest display of obeisance a President could make to a lobbyist was the alteration of the presidential message to Congress at the lobbyist's dictum. Unluckily, Gray was out of town when an advance copy of the speech reached him. He promptly telegraphed to the President: "At com-

plete loss to understand paragraph on Muscle Shoals in view of your statement to us last Tuesday. Hope not too late to revise this paragraph so you can be free to aid Congressman Madden in passing his bill." Evidently it was never too late to consider the farmers' representative. Conferring with him by long-distance telephone, Mr. Sanders, the President's secretary, took from him a dictated revision of the paragraph. "Had I been in Washington," Gray wrote O'Neal early in January, 1928, "it might have been possible to have made a more accurate wording to suit us, but that was the best I could do in a very hasty and disturbed long-distance conversation."

Questioned by the Lobby Committee as to the assistance he had rendered President Hoover in connection with the Muscle Shoals section of his congressional message, Mr. Gray admitted that his help was not needed. "It was the best Muscle Shoals resolution," he explained, "that any President has ever written."

"He beat both of you?" asked Senator Caraway, referring to the partnership of Coolidge and Gray.

"He beat both of us," said Gray.

The "contact" in the Hoover administration is not as direct as it was in the preceding administration. It could, nevertheless, have been very considerable, as Colonel J. W. Worthington, Mr. Huston's successor as president of the Tennessee River Improvement Association, recognized. Writing Mr. Gray after President Hoover's election, he advised him:

> Get Mr. Huston to introduce you to Mr. Horace Mann [Mr. Hoover's southern campaign manager] and to Mr. Richey [gum-shoe secretary to the President]. Huston, Mann, Richey and Akerson [another secretary] are close contact men with Mr. Hoover. You can talk most freely to Mr. Huston (just as freely as you can talk to me) and you can get help from him. He knows all about the danger of Mr. James's banditry. . . . [This refers to the recalcitrancy of the Military Affairs Committee chairman in selling out on the public.] Altogether, the Madden bill is an inviting bridge for you to cross over to the Hoover presidential shore.

Before attaining his present eminent position, Mr. Huston had dispatched a letter to each member of Congress, urging him to accept the Cyanamid bid for Muscle Shoals. That he did not mean to fall short of expectations was recognized by Mr. Gray in a recent communication to Mr. O'Neal. "He is okay," wrote the former, "and is doing all that he dares to do in the position which he occupies. I learned that he is watching his step on this for fear of being called by Caraway's Committee. We do not want to urge him to do too much right now on this account."

What prompted Mr. Gray to deceive the farmers and devote himself so fervently to the interests of the Cyanamid Company has not yet been brought to light by the Committee. But more important than Mr. Gray's incentives is the unhappy fate these revelations must bring to the secret ambitions of the American Cyanamid Company.

DUFF GILFOND.

The New Theater in Russia

A NEW YORK theater is a large, ill-decorated, too fancy-looking building put up on a real-estate speculation for the purpose of getting people to pay more than they can afford to come in and sit in the dark six evenings a week and two matinees to see actors moving round on a stage (lit brightly or bluely according as the production aims for the box office or for "art"), saying lines they've learned off typewritten sheets, making gestures taught them by a director with jumpy nerves. A lot of pretty expert electricians and stage hands change the lights and move round the scenery. Everybody except the technical staff and the audience is there on a speculation, hoping against hope to cash in on the various forms of exhibitionism involved, to see their names in electric lights, to make a million dollars. The author, the director, the actors, the box-office man, the manager, the promoter who introduced the manager to the angel that put up the original capital, stage-struck girls, culture-fuddled old women, ticket speculators, office boys, play doctors, scene designers, all think that this time they've matched the buffalo and will wake up famous and rich, or just rich, which is more important.

Underneath that there's a complex of needs and glamors not entirely connected with the dollar symbol. People want to be in the swim, to get out of their cubby holes, to feel what others feel, to get vicariously sexual excitement, adventure, cocktails, money. They want to have others look at them with admiration and envy for having seen or written a good show, made money, spent money, and so on through all the intermediate infinity of feelings and happenings. The writers, actors, scene designers, directors have something on their chest they want to get rid of, the poor devils who pay their money at the box office want to be dragged out of themselves on to the gaudy-tawdry stage to feel themselves part of—

what?

In New York they want to feel part of the imperial American procession towards more money, more varnish, more ritz, that obsesses all our lives;

in Moscow they want to feel part of the victorious march through history of the world proletariat.

The end is different, but the mechanism isn't so different. The Moscow theater gives them their money's worth and the New York theater doesn't. The New York theater is like one of those sideshows in a country fair where the act put on outside to attract the suckers is always better than the act put on when they've paid their money and go in the tent.

Most of the American critics who've been to Moscow say the Russian theater isn't any good, but they are wrong. What happens to them is this: in the first place, they're scared all the time they're in the Soviet Union by the thought that they are going to be caught and chopped up into mincemeat by the Gaypayoo. Then, they are flustered by the different living habits of the Russians; the show begins just about when the critic would ordinarily be eating dinner; if he didn't eat, he's hungry and if he did, it was probably in a hurry and he's getting a touch of indigestion. None of the audience is much dressed up; he wonders anxiously how often these dirty Russians bathe. The theater building looks raw and crude, probably an old theater stripped of its decorations, barny, painted in plain white or gray. He's worried.

The play begins without much formality; usually the house goes dark and the stage lights go on; bright nervous spotlights point out the action dogmatically, like the ferrule of a school teacher pointing out equations on a blackboard. Somebody's trying to translate for the American; he can't understand Russian or the translator's English very well. The American is worried for fear he's hearing propaganda and will be converted to communism without knowing it. The play lasts a long time, the intermissions are too long, the seats are hard; he misses the sense of luxury even the smallest moving-picture house gives him at home; he goes back to the hotel yawning and tired, afraid he may have picked up lice, and writes back to the folks at home that the Russian theater is much overrated and that it's all bolshevik propaganda anyway.

Back in New York, critics and producers and theatrical hangers-on read the articles and feel fine. They settle back into the rut in which they are complacently working themselves out of a job. The talking-picture theaters are giving people more for their money than the regular stage. It'll soon be Hollywood or a park bench for theater workers in America.

If you tell them they can learn from Moscow they'll think you're crazy. But it's so. The stage in America as a purely business proposition tends to become a mere subsidiary of Hollywood. Any theater that's to continue alive has got to appeal to other than money motives and to other feelings than the dominant dollar religion. Perhaps to the revolt against them.

There's a certain amount of meat in the comparison between the American and Russian theaters at this moment. Historically they are of about the same age. Both of them branched off from the decaying stem of the European stage towards the end of the eighteenth century. There is the difference that Russia got its influences direct from what was most lively in the French, German and Scandinavian theaters in the late nineteenth century, while in America we got the same influences strained through the respectabilities and the caponized Shakespeare tradition of the English stage. Since the shake-up of the War cracked all the frontiers of Europe, the European stage has become more and more international, as it seems to have been in the eighteenth century; productions are copied from capital to capital; half the plays seen in New York, Paris or Berlin are translations of current successes in other countries. The main streams of influence seem to be from America (musical shows, revues, crime plays) and from Russia ("modern" staging and lighting). The difference is that in Russia the theater is growing and in America it's petering out fast.

In Russia, as in America, moving pictures are a strong opponent, but there the theater doesn't seem to be giving any ground. What are the elements of strength in the Russian theater?

In the first place, each theater organism has a permanent tradition behind it. Every Russian theater has a corporate existence, like a college. Individual directors and policies come and go, the staff of actors changes a little from year to year, as does the repertory of plays, but the institution is an organism with a memory. Acting and directing are considered reputable professions requiring long conventional training. Workers in any particular theater are signed up for a season at least; and they usually think of themselves as being permanently part of it. Since the October revolution everybody (in the left theater at least) has some say in the policies, in the choice of directors and plays. Contrary to the general impression, the revolution did not interrupt the tradition in many of the theaters. Naturally, existing in a new society has modified them, as it has modified the lives of individuals, but there has been no memory-less break with the past, such as every season brings to New York, where each batch of new speculators is profoundly ignorant (except for vague traditions, such as that "Ben Hur" was a hit) of what has been done before. In Moscow today you can still see audiences weep rivers at the Small Theater (Maly Teatr) over the original productions of Ostrovsky's plays that were first put on in the eighties of the last century. At the Second Art Theater (MXAT 2) they still occasionally do "The Cricket on the Hearth" in a production that was popular in 1914. At the Vakhtangoff Theater you can still see Vakhtangoff's original production of "La Princesse Turandot" that had such an influence on the whole European stage. At the Moscow Art (MXAT 1) they still do "The Blue

Bird," "The Lower Depths" and Ostrovsky's "Men of Heart" in productions that date back to the beginning of their existence. It's as if in New York you could still see "The Yellow Jacket" or "The Girl with the Green Eyes" or "In Old Kentucky" or a couple of Hoyt farces.

Another thing that insures the vitality of the Russian theater is the opportunity for experiment offered by the subsidiary studios that shoot up around the roots of the big theaters. These studios are the germs of new theaters and at the same time the try-out grounds for new methods and ideas. It costs so little to run them that they are not dependent on the public, and there are so many of them that every conceivable line of ideas has a chance to get practical application.

Of course, it might as well be admitted right here that the Russian theaters are subsidized and have always been subsidized, like most of the important theaters of Europe. There is a central committee (Glavniskoostva) under the Department of Education that subsidizes theaters and turns over sums of money from time to time to studios and amateur club theaters that it considers deserving. Then there are theaters like the M. G. S. P. S. that are subsidized by the Central Trade Union Council in Moscow. Before the revolution the theaters were supported by the government, or, as in the case of the Art Theater, by a group of wealthy angels. American theater people have a way of throwing up their hands and rolling their eyes heavenward at the mention of the word subsidy, but they ought to begin to realize that the theater is not a business (at least it's a very poor business, from which big money can only be extracted by various sorts of sharp practice along the edges of it). Even in America, where more fortunes have been dug out by playwrights and managers and parasitic racketeers than in any other country, I doubt that if the industry was balanced up as a whole, and the entire capital invested compared with the profits, it would be found solvent at all.

Of course, outside of the censorship, there are many disadvantages for the individual theaters in being so directly under government control, but I don't think they hold a candle to the difficulties under which sincere theater workers in New York operate, struggling in the tangles of the angel-speculator combination. The government imposes a certain propaganda or educational content on the Russian theaters, but leaves them alone completely as far as style of presentation is concerned. The situation is very like that of the early Italian painters working for the Church. Some, like Giotto, were sincere believers and treated the Christian legend for its own sake; others, like Signorelli, used the legend as a pretext for their own scientific investigations in color and form. The imposing or taking for granted of a content has never had a bad effect on any art in the past, and there is no reason why it should be bad now.

Anyhow, Moscow and Leningrad still offer the most varied theatrical menus of any cities in the world. Here, for example, is the list of shows for a Tuesday in November:

First Opera Theater, "Prince Igor." Second Opera Theater, Tchaikowsky's "La Dame de Pique." Small Theater, "The Year 1917," a chronicle play about the October revolution. Filial of the Small Theater, E. O'Neill's "Gold." Studio of the Small Theater, "That Low Element," a farce-comedy with songs, a little on the order of the Palais Royal shows in Paris, a new genre that the young director Kaverin is trying to introduce. First Moscow Art, Ostrovsky's "Men of Heart," a genre play of merchant life popular in the middle nineteenth century. Small Theater of the First Moscow Art, "The Squaring of the Circle," a comedy about present-day Young Communist life. Second Moscow Art Theater, "Ruined Hopes," by Geyermans. Kamerny Theater, "Day and Night," an old Lecoq operetta. Nemirovich-Danchenko's Musical Studio, "Carmencita and the Soldier." Vakhtangoff Theater, "The Breaking Point," a chronicle play about the attack on the Winter Palace by the cruiser "Aurora," an incident in the October revolution. Meyerhold Theater, "Roar China," a propaganda-spectacle about the Chinese Revolution. The Theater of the Revolution, "The Man with the Portfolio," a brilliantly presented play about the difficulties of adjustment of the older intellectuals in the new Communist society. M. G. S. P. S. Theater, "The Rails Hum," a play about the Leningrad locomotive works. Proletcult, "Power," Glebov's finely produced play about the October revolution. Theater of Satire, "Tarakanovshchina," a take-off on the proletarian writer. . . . Outside of that, there are the Realistic Theater, an Experimental Opera Theater, the Kors Theater doing mostly translations from the German, a couple of operetta theaters and minor studios, the Theater of Improvisation, where the actors make up the lines as they go along, a big music hall, a first-rate circus and numerous amateur theaters in clubs and organizations. Methods of presentation vary from the conventional before-the-War style of the Small Theater and the esthetic Russian Ballet style of Tairov's work at the Kamerny to the expressionism of the Theater of the Revolution and the intensely personal new style of Meyerhold.

Perhaps the best way to give an impression of recent developments in the Russian theater is to describe a few of Meyerhold's productions.

It's difficult to give a straight account of a play produced in a foreign language that you only slightly understand. Details of action and staging stand out naturally more strongly than when you are absorbed in the words. At the same time there are moments when you are so busy trying to find out what's going on that you lose track of the production altogether. This probably accounts for the grotesque differences in the accounts of the Russian theater given by returning travelers. Often the

unfortunate tourist is even confused about what play he saw. I can only give my own impression, noted down pretty carefully at the time.

In the first place, in all his productions Meyerhold has entirely broken with the "fourth-wall" convention of the realistic theater. The mechanism of the theater (from which the proscenium arch has been as far as possible removed) is never masked, any more than the mechanism of the circus is masked. In most of the productions, the stage hands set the scenes in full view of the audience. Every effort is made to break up the tense boundary between the audience and the play, so that the audience feels the action going on in itself like a circus act or a prize fight. An attempt is made to replace the nervous strain of the realistic and esthetic theaters, where the audience sits there passive waiting to have emotions pumped into it, by something more casual, less of a hypodermic, more all-around muscularly exciting. Once the transition is accomplished, once the spectators have become participants, the range of emotion, possibilities of sense and thought between laughing and crying become much broader. You can use the whole spectrum instead of just a little section of it.

In working up the production of "The Inspector General," Meyerhold seems to have first broken the play down to its elements, using all the possible texts and hints about Gogol's conception of the play that he could gather from contemporary letters and documents, and then, with all this material as a basis, to have built up a completely new play—*écho des temps passés* if you like, but picked out definitely with the spotlight of Now. In the process the conventional limits of Gogol's theater are entirely abandoned. What is created is an adventure-spectacle in thirteen episodes satirizing the old Russian bureaucracy (and the new bureaucracy, for that matter). At the same time, in tragic farce, he builds up a historical pageant of a bygone Russia. I doubt if there has ever been a production so rich in various sorts of significance and so perfectly successful within its limits.

The whole play is acted in front of the old proscenium line of the theater. Where the curtain used to be is a series of paneled wooden doors in dark polished red that can open anywhere along the old curtain line. The scenes are acted on the apron in front of those doors, or are pushed out on rolling platforms through the broad central opening. The extraordinarily funny story of the bureaucracy of a small provincial town thrown into panic by the arrival of a bogus inspector, having recourse to every kind of chicanery and self-abasement to propitiate him and then finding out that they've been goldbricked and that the real inspector is on his way, is broadened by the adding of new characters and the building up of all the possible implications of the play. The action goes faster, the plot snarls up more and more, until under the shock of the horrible news that the real inspector general is on the way, the functionary most implicated goes mad. The last scene has as much wallop to it as anything I've ever seen in the theater. After a riot of confusion, actors running all over the stage, a white cloth stretched clear across the stage drops slowly from the ceiling with the last lines of the play printed in red on it. When the cloth has dropped to the floor, instead of the living actors you see a row of wax figures grouped in the same way, wearing the same clothes. Instead of life it's all history. You leave the theater groggy.

"D. E." ("Pay Up Europe") is a fantastic *agit-spectacl* made up by combining the stories of two Wellsian-style "next war" novels. It deals with an American trust organized to prey on Europe, which manages to lay waste Paris and London. Civilization is saved by the Red Army eating its way through to America by a tunnel under the Atlantic and bringing about the World Revolution, and this is the pretext for many scenes of political satire. From the point of view of theater methods it was the most interesting thing of Meyerhold's I saw. It is played to the music of a jazz band, with the only scenery big flat wooden screens on rollers that moved almost continually, so that scenes could be shown alone, simultaneously or alternately, with a fluidity equal to that of the movies. The scenes in the Polish Cabinet meeting and in the British Parliament carry devilishly accurate cold satire about as far as can be. The scene of the famine in London where English peers in silk hats and frock coats hunt each other for food has about as much baroque horror as you could well pack into a few simple motions. The whole production plays on every conceivable sort of theatrical method with an absolutely hair-raising ingenuity: Chinese theater, Kabuki, American burlesque, French vaudeville, Châtelet melodrama, Reinhardt mob productions, social satire à la Shaw and Ibsen, musical comedy. . . . The result is the whole possibilities of the theater packed into one evening. I felt that the thread of the story was too flimsy to carry this tremendous exhibition of versatility, but as a school for directors, "D. E." ought to hold the same position that the famous Michelangelo cartoon of soldiers bathing held for Italian painting. If there is going to be any more theater, the future of it lies in that production.

If there is going to be any more theater . . .

Eisenstein says there isn't going to be any more, but I think there is going to be theater even in America. I don't think that the talkies are ever going to give an audience the sense of personal participation they can get out of a circus performance, vaudeville show or ballet, and as industrial life becomes increasingly social, with the individual unit more and more penned into its own unicellular life like a coral insect, the need for group excitements that the individual can really (not only through the radio) participate in, like theater and sport, is obvious.

The Russian theater since the revolution has had a gigantic task; it has had to provide enter-

tainment, to take the place of the pomp and mystery of the church and of the dazzle of cosmopolitan capitalist life, and to provide for the ordinary man education in politics—if you don't like its slant you call it propaganda—and a feeling of being in on the march of history. This struggle has called forth one of the most extraordinary periods of activity in all theater history. The theater in America has been merely one of the avenues toward millions and the bright lights, like beauty parlors or the cloak-and-suit business. In European theatrical wares, it has been able to buy the best. Native production has been a series of pretty encouraging false starts, none of them strong enough to link up with the others and form a tradition. It may be that Americans fill the needs that the theater caters to through sports—intercollegiate football, prize fights and big-league baseball. It may be that the right series of lucky accidents has never occurred. The vigor of jazz music, vaudeville, burlesque and of some musical comedy would lead you to think that perhaps the only trouble is that the theater hasn't yet found a properly nourishing social background.

Anyway, we can't talk very big about an American theater yet. JOHN DOS PASSOS.

Investment Trusts Gone Wrong

III: *Expert Management—and Losses*

NO ONE will ever know how much the investment trusts lost in the famous market crash of last October and November. But in view of the kind of organization and control I have described, it is not surprising that great losses did occur.

A great many investors who bought stocks several years ago, and then saw them rise to unexpected heights only to tumble in the general wreck of October 24, have boasted of their losses—losses measured by the number of points which their stocks fell from the high levels of last year. Their losses were fictitious. Their stocks are still higher in many cases than they were at the time of purchase. But where stocks fell below the prices actually paid for them, the investors had real losses.

Now investment trusts, like all other market operators, saw their holdings soar in value and then slump overnight. In the case of a few—a very few—that slump did not produce an actual loss, because the stocks never went below the prices paid for them. These few trusts were the ones which were intelligently managed. A very few, seeing stocks rocket to unreasonable heights, sold out—got out of the market, as they should have done, and thus saved themselves from disaster. But these were the exception. While a few shrewd investment managers were selling stocks, others were actually in the market buying them at the high prices.

Looking back now at the great disaster, the veriest tyro can see that stocks were too high, that the market came crashing down for the very simple reason that it had gone rocketing up. An amateur can see it now. An expert should have been able to see it before the crash. As a matter of fact, the real experts did see it. And if the investment-trust managers who are selling themselves to the world as financial wizards did not see it, such failure does not speak well for the skill for which they are charging such fancy prices. The best informed bankers had been apprehensive for a long time. Premonitory shivers had run through the market. The last ones, apparently, to see the impending disaster were those merchants of stocks and bonds who had captured the purchasing functions of the investment trusts and were busy, along with all the other salesmen of Wall Street, in whipping up the buying sentiment of the country.

In August, when wise investment counselors were telling their clients to liquidate their high-priced holdings and accumulate cash, the Blue Ridge Corporation was publicly advertising that it would take United States Steel at 238, Union Carbide and Carbon at 119, Allied Chemical at 324, General Electric at 395, and give its own stock in exchange for these securities. If it got one share each of these stocks, it would have paid $1,076. After the crash they were worth $595.50.

Imagine an investment trust being organized in September, 1929, and then rushing into the market with more than $60,000,000 in cash and buying securities right and left at their top prices. This was what happened in the case of the Continental Chicago Corporation, one of those concerns in which the public bought the preferred shares and put up most of the money, while the organizers bought the common stock and held control. The managers of this trust were the expert advisers upon whom the investors were depending. A little more than two months later—on December 31—the trust's statement revealed an unrealized loss in its investments of $4,619,241. Not so bad for a few months.

But Continental Chicago was not the only investment trust that bought its securities at peak prices. Lehman Brothers, bankers, of New York, in September organized a new trust—the Lehman Corporation. It, too, rushed out with $100,000,000 of

nice fresh money into the raging bull market and bought an armful of securities. By the end of the year—in less than three months—these investments had shrunk some $7,955,000 below what they cost.

One of Dillon, Read and Company's investment trusts—the United States and International Securities Corporation, whose portfolio we have already scrutinized—had an unrealized shrinkage in its investments of $2,311,283 for the first fourteen months of its existence.

However, the palm for losses must go to the Goldman Sachs Trading Corporation. This investment trust was set up by Goldman, Sachs and Company, bankers, and is presided over by Mr. Waddill Catchings, the gentleman who last year wrote a book called "The Road to Plenty," explaining to people and government just how to get prosperous and stay that way. With prospective profits of $30,000,000 from its security holdings and sales, the Goldman Sachs Trading Corporation certainly seemed on the road to plenty in October. But the road turned out to be a two-way street. And after the market went to pieces the trust reversed its direction and marched back along the road to plenty until it had canceled its $30,000,000 profits and, from the shrinkage of its investments, accumulated a deficit of $90,000,000. The actual shrinkage in investments was $121,404,839.

It is against precisely such things as this that the investment trust is supposed to protect the investor. It is supposed to supply the expert market information and navigation which saves the investor from being caught in a shaky and threatened market with securities at top prices. As a matter of fact, expert handling did protect a few trusts from just this fate. The American Founders group as a whole, for instance, suffered no loss. But the losses which crippled many trusts, and in some cases overwhelmed them, were huge. I give here a group of investment trusts supposed to be under the guidance of leading banking houses. The figures represent the unrealized losses from shrinkage in their security holdings below cost price or the 1928 inventory price:

Company	Loss
Goldman Sachs Trading	$121,404,839
Lehman Corporation	7,955,000
National Securities Investment	7,700,000
General American Investor	5,232,369
Selected Industries, Inc.	4,635,005
Insuranshares of Delaware	3,638,000
Sterling Securities	3,728,147
Incorporated Investors	3,612,443
Investors Equity	3,559,468
National Investors Corporation	3,240,000
Chain Store Stock, Inc.	3,222,047
Reliance Management	1,933,541
American European Securities	1,986,760
American British and Continental	2,633,000
Capital Administration	1,244,880
Total	$175,725,499

This huge total of losses was suffered by just fifteen trusts. The losses, in some cases, are worse than they appear from a mere statement of the figures. For instance, the National Investors had a loss in the value of its investments of $3,612,443. This means that its total investments shrank from $4,740,000 (their cost) to $1,500,000. These losses are figured, not on the low point reached immediately after the crash, but, in most cases, on the figures announced at the end of December, when some recovery had taken place.

One hears a good deal now about the investment trusts being a new thing; it is said that in the recent crisis they were compelled to face a test for which their managers were hardly prepared. Of course, that is all nonsense. The October break was not the first stock-market break in history. The rules for wise security management are well understood, and there is little difference between the rules which apply to the investment trust and those which fit the individual investor of the same character—save that the investment trust should be a bit more conservative, since it is a trust. Moreover, investment trusts have been in existence for seventy-five years. There are few things which have happened to them here which had not already happened to them in England and other countries. And the whole record of the English trusts had been raked over for the enlightenment of the brilliant experts who were navigating our American concerns.

England, too, had her experience with the type of investment trust now so popular in America—that is, with trusts controlled by a small issue of common stock retained in the hands of the promoters. When a panic hit England in 1891, these controlled investment trusts were the first to go. Back in 1886 and 1890, many English investment houses organized trusts for various purposes—including that of unloading their own securities into the portfolios of the trusts. The London Economist, in 1895, printed two tables, one of the trusts which published their holdings, the other of those which did not. The shares of the former showed twice the advance in market price that was shown by the latter.

The foregoing facts are drawn from the statements of those trusts which publish their holdings. What must be the condition of those which do not? I have not the slightest doubt that we should be shocked if we could get a look into the dark places of the more secret organizations. A little light, I am afraid, would reveal some of them as hardly better than that famous investment trust known as the Great Home Bank, set up by the Kingfish for the benefit of Amos and Andy and their associates.

There is one other point to be noticed—the excessive charges assessed against many American investment trusts as the cost of management.

Computed over a period of six years, the cost of managing forty-eight British trusts averaged 41/100 of one percent. The cost of managing

American trusts is not always easy to arrive at, because, like so much else in corporate arrangements, it is obscured under complicated provisions. One element in this cost—an element which must be accounted for in most American investment trusts—is the share of the profits taken by the organizers, who are also the managers through the ownership of common stock which they did not pay for—or for which they paid very little.

Thus, in the Continental Shares Corporation, the organizers got a block of stock which they called the Founders' block. This consisted of 10,000 shares. It is not possible to ascertain from the published statements what they paid for these Founders' shares. It was probably not very much, if anything. In any case the common shares are allowed a 4-percent dividend. After that, the Founders' shares as a class get 25 percent of all excess profits, to which must be added the salaries of the officers.

The Lehman Corporation must pay Lehman Brothers 12½ percent of the net earnings to manage the trust, and Goldman Sachs makes a similar charge to the Goldman Sachs Trading Corporation, in addition to the salaries paid officials and the expenses of running the trust.

In the two Kidder, Peabody and Company trusts known as Kidder Participation Nos. 1 and 2, the bankers took one-fourth of all the common stock as payment for organizing the trust. In Kidder Participation No. 3 they did better. They bought all the preferred stock for $5,175,000 and got the whole issue of common stock—100,000 shares. They were then in a position to sell the preferred and half the common—if they so chose—for enough to recover all their outlay, retaining the other half of the common.

In Insuranshares Corporation of Delaware, the organizers, Insuranshares Management Company, got 450,000 out of 500,000 Class B Shares for organizing the company. And this Class B stock will receive 15 percent of all dividends above a fixed rate to Class A stock.

How much of the earnings may be absorbed by the organizers in these trick capital structures may be seen from the following: Dillon, Read and Company paid $5,000,000 for the Second Preferred and 750,000 shares of the common stock of the United States and Foreign Securities Corporation. This amounted to three-fourths of the common stock.

Now let us see what they got for their money.

In 1928 the Second Preferred dividend was earned and paid. This amounted to $300,000, or 6 percent of their investment of $5,000,000. Their 750,000 shares of common, for which they paid actually nothing, earned $5.86 a share, or $4,395,000. No dividend was paid, the earnings being allocated to surplus. But it alone amounted to almost the whole amount paid by the bankers for the Second Preferred and common stock.

From whatever point we view these investment trusts, then, we see them falling woefully short of the primary purpose they are supposed to serve. They are rigged at their organization to take control away from the investors and put it into the hands of the promoters, who put up very little or no money. They have been managed with pitiful inefficiency, which has caused great losses to the investors. They have fallen into the hands of the one class of merchants who have something to sell to them, and as a result they have been well loaded with the merchandise of these dealers. They have been made to pay excessively for a brand of management which is so bad that it would be dear at any price; and finally, by casting to the winds all the elementary principles of investment-trust management, they have deprived the stockholders of the chief elements of safety—wide diversification and the expert selection of investments.

In spite of all this, they have managed to escape scrutiny in a most extraordinary manner. A committee of our present famous New York legislature which studied them after the market crash reported that it found nothing in investment-trust management that demanded special legislation to protect the investing public. This report, we were informed by The New York Times, was received with great gratification by the bankers.

There has been a disposition not to look into any of the dark corners of finance since the market slump, lest it tend to add to the prevailing nervousness of the business world. Under cover of this wily propaganda, the investment trusts have escaped the examination and castigation which they deserve. They have failed miserably on every count as the trustees of small investors, and this alone should call for a searching investigation by the state. My own interest in them, however, is based upon a more important consideration which I shall set forth in my next article.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

The Sun This March

The exceeding brightness of this early sun
Makes me conceive how dark I have become,

And re-illumines things that used to turn
To gold in broadest blue, and be a part

Of a turning spirit in an earlier self.
That, too, returns from out the winter's air,

Like an hallucination come to daze
The corner of the eye. Our element—

Cold is our element and winter's air
Brings voices as of lions coming down.

Oh! Rabbi, rabbi, fend my soul for me
And true savant of this dark nature be.

WALLACE STEVENS.

Picking Miss Europe

WOULD that I could write this in French, for then I could begin with an evocative phrase such as I find in an article written by a colleague of mine—"nineteen young visages smiling in the mirror of their destiny." That is how the election of Miss Europe should be written about. But I cannot be evocative, I can only be historical. Nineteen middle-aged jurymen. . . .

No, to be absolutely historical, only eighteen jurymen, for one of the jury was a lady. Nineteen of a jury, one for every nation that sent a candidate for election, met in a salle of Le Journal office. We had a conference. It was as solemn as a Cabinet meeting. How should the young ladies who were to present themselves before us be garbed? That was the first question to be decided. Bathing dreses were suggested. But that suggestion was immediately rejected by the president of the jury, Maître Besnard, the celebrated painter. Bathing dresses were disfiguring: the candidates would have to be judged as *femmes nues* or *femmes sociales*—there was nothing between. *Femmes nues,* pronounced Maître Besnard. (He is a man who looks like an English prime minister of the eighteen-nineties—like Lord Salisbury.) But, said the editor in charge of the competition, young ladies of good society do not show themselves undressed to men who are neither their doctors nor their husbands. Maître Besnard seemed to have heard this before, but he did not quite understand the scruple. But here he was and judgment had to be given. It would be a judgment based upon incomplete evidence. However. . . . *Femmes sociales* if we would have it so. The young ladies, then, were to appear dressed as in drawing-rooms. But their legs to their knees would have to be shown at some stage of the proceedings.

So we took our seats at green-covered tables, an international jury of nineteen. It was made up of painters and sculptors. I, so that I might have some association with the visible arts, was put down as *critique d'art.* I represented Ireland.

Seen from our stalls in the salle of Le Journal, how remote was the unpleasantness that was rife in Europe twelve or fourteen years ago. France and Germany, Italy and Austria, Bulgaria and Rumania, Greece and Turkey, and the countries that had other names then and the countries that were only war fronts, had declared solemnly that they would never, never, never, speak to each other again. And here they were, all ready to be enchanted with a beauty brought from some former enemy land! Another point was to be noted: this jury whose range was from the Bosphorus to the North Sea, these young ladies who were from so many lands, had all a European manner, a European idiom. It was not merely that their communication in French was natural and easy: it was that they all seemed to have a like background. There were two exceptions—Miss Angleterre and Miss Irlande: they were more remote from the European style than were Miss Bulgarie or Miss Turquie: they were both provincials.

Against this had to be set the non-appearance of national type. We were startled when Miss Espagne presented herself: here was race, and what we had been looking on before was the common denominator of Caucasianism. Then Miss Grèce showed race; Miss Hollande and Miss Irlande. As for the rest, they might just as easily have come out of Denmark as out of France, out of Poland as out of Rumania, out of Germany as out of Czechoslovakia, out of Belgium as out of Italy. Leaving out one candidate, the good looks of those presenting themselves could be equaled by the pick of an American finishing school. Here were eighteen decidedly pretty girls. But I had seen just as many of the same degree of prettiness at commencement exercises in more than one school in the States. And that rather unmarked variety of type could be found, too, in an American school. Denmark, Turkey, Germany, Austria, Belgium—with the exception of the four distinctive types, I had seen all of them in some American school. As a sculptor pointed out to me, none of them had beautiful hands.

The candidates entered one by one, in the alphabetic order of their countries. Allemagne was first. She was the German girl of today, while Autriche was the German girl of yesterday—the one, boyish, short-haired, blue-eyed, with dimples which she readily displayed, and the other with a clear forehead behind which, one guessed, she lived a good deal—blond, intelligent and reserved. Bulgarie and Turquie had the honest charm—a sweet and winning look—of girls who came out of worthy households—nothing specious and nothing exotic about them. Russie, Roumanie, Belgique, Yougoslavie, Pologne were society girls such as one sees at the opera. Danemark was heroic and well featured; France, who was nearly as tall and as blond as Danemark, had no particular charm. Hongrie had not the vividness of the Hungarian type; Angleterre and Irlande had a poor sense of the situation. Italie and Tchécoslovaquie were blond—Italie so blond that it looked as if she must have a wig on; she had a film face and moved as if she were a mannequin. Hollande had something spontaneous and spring-like about her, and yet one could know her for a Dutch maiden—she was the most girlish of all the beauties. Espagne had much too much sense of the situation: she displayed her earrings and the flower on her shoulder, and she almost made us see a fan in her hand; no national costumes were worn, but Espagne gave us the impression that she had one on: in New York she would have passed for a Jewish type. All the candidates had the right manner—a mixture of self-possession and modesty, of friendliness and reserve.

How apt socially girls are in comparison with young men!

The jury marked on three points, giving a maximum of three for each point—head, body, general vivaciousness. As she entered, the candidate went up to each of the jury, smiled, said a word, received a compliment. Then she went on the platform. She turned her head, raised her arms as directed. Then she exhibited her legs to the knees. What might be termed the village-beauty group were embarrassed at this stage: Madame, the wife of the editor who had arranged the competition, tucked up their skirts for them. The girls who belonged to high society, or who had connections with the theater or the studio, showed no embarrassment. Miss Hollande laughed delightfully as if she were up to some prank. Miss Espagne seemed to say, "Here are my legs; there's nothing wrong with them, is there?" Miss France showed her garters as well as her knees.

The intelligent reader will have noticed that I have barely spoken of Miss Grèce. Her photograph was on the sheet before us, and we knew that her head had the classic line. She entered and we saw that she had the beauty we expected to see, and other qualities besides. There was something thoroughbred about her, like a small Arab horse. She had racial distinctiveness. She had an astonishing elegance. She was dressed to perfection. She flirted with us. But unlike Miss Espagne's, hers was not a cabaret flirtation. Asphodels blossomed around us.

Imagine a dark-skinned and very slender girl—her waist, I guessed, was no more than twenty inches—sheathed in silver; her features were like those on a medallion, her hair in a knot on her neck. When I say "dark-skinned," I am, perhaps, too emphatic: I suppose her skin was really olive. When she stood on the platform and raised her arms, or held back her head, or turned a hand, she took, naturally and simply, the lines of a Tanagra or a painting on a vase. Dividing her long silver skirt, she showed her legs to her knees. She did this so charmingly that I, for one, felt like applauding as one applauds when one sees a surprisingly graceful gesture. In the ballet. She seemed to say to us, "In the Peloponnesus there is still a remnant of the Hellenic race. I happen to be that survival. I am sure, Messieurs, you are delighted to come so close to the most aristocratic type that Europe has produced. And I can respond—I am responding to you." We thanked her and she left the jury-room.

I looked down the line and I knew that the verdict would go to this representative of the classic type. I repeated to myself a sentence from one of the Kai Lung books—"The most celebrated painters of the provinces, having observed the unstudied grace of her movements, threw away the implements of their craft and became trainers of performing elephants." We marked our papers. The six who had received the highest number of votes came in together and stood upon the platform—they made a charming group as they talked to each other and arranged each other's dresses and hair—Allemagne, France, Italie, Pologne, Belgique and Grèce. At a word from the president, they withdrew. We wrote a single name on our papers and handed it in. I am not sure that the election of Miss Grèce was unanimous. But if votes went to any of her rivals, they were not more than three or four. She was recalled; the jury stood up to receive her. I did not repent of my vote, for she was beautiful; whereas the others, at their best, were only pretty. But she had her flaws. She was no Nausicaa, dewy and fresh. Her mouth was too firm, and those dark eyes of hers were neither deep nor luminous; they were shallow, smoldering eyes. Also, this young lady was much too much at home in the world. She went to the president and made a graceful speech of thanks. Going to each of the jury, she permitted her hand to be kissed: *Merci bien, monsieur, merci bien.* Then this silver-clad, slender, classic beauty left us. Miss Grèce was Miss Europe. Europe had gone back to the classical.

> On desperate seas long wont to roam,
> Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
> Thy naiad airs, have brought me home
> To the glory that was Greece. . . .

But when I repeated the verse I knew I was wrong. This was no Nausicaa, no young Helen, no young Clytemnestra. Neither Attica nor Sparta was her land. When the emperors born in the purple would take a bride they sent their emissaries through their dominions to find the loveliest that the city or the village, the hut or the palace, could show, and had the diadem placed upon her head, making her co-ruler of the imperial world. Her mothers had lived in expectation of the call that would raise them to a place beside the Autocrator of the Roman world and the successor of the Apostles. That was the reason she had looked upon us as if we were monks and emperors. She was not Hellenic, but Byzantine; not Nausicaa or Helen, but Theodora. Europe had gone back to Byzance.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Pattern of Wakening

Now the young buck beareth a delicate query
With the budding of his horns; the young buck walketh
Like a leaf, like a hunting owl—velvet, wary—
And knoweth in a dream only what he stalketh.

The wood is a pattern of wakening, although
The brook fades, and the dry ferns stir—
For, bearing a delicate answer, the young doe
As in a dream seeketh the questioner.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

Washington Notes

INTEREST in Washington at present is almost completely absorbed by two outstanding personalities—to wit, Mr. Grundy and Mr. Huston. The tariff bill, the London conference, the Federation of Labor fight on the new Supreme Court Justice, prohibition, farm relief and all other issues, great and small, are overshadowed or submerged. Such is the nature of the political mind. There will be, in the course of the next week, considerable debate about the above-mentioned matters, and there will be new developments—some of them important, too—but this will not alter the fact that the real concern of the leading figures here is in the situations created by the charges against the chairman of the Republican National Committee and the turn of the Pennsylvania political wheel which has changed Dr. Grundy from a complacent and self-satisfied old gentleman into a raging and dangerous politician with his back to the wall, kicking, hitting and snapping at the crowd that he thinks—and apparently with reason—has double-crossed him.

Let's take first the case of Claudius. The allegations against the personally selected head of the party organization since last I wrote have accumulated in number and weight. There is not space here to speak of them in detail, nor is this necessary. It is enough to say that the record is such as to make his retention as chairman of the Committee worse than ridiculous and leave open only the question of when and how he is to go. Perhaps—I should say probably—by the time this is printed this question will have been answered and the acute embarrassment of Mr. Hoover relieved. It is no secret here that the unfortunate Herbert has been more upset by the Huston revelations than by any other single thing that has happened since he took the oath of office thirteen months ago. It is easy to understand that he should be. It is hard to conceive of a more painful predicament than the one he is in. The man was his personal choice, and so heralded to the country. He seems to have treated the President with a shocking lack of candor, and to be totally destitute of the decent instinct that would dictate the action of most men in his circumstances. Voluntary resignation seems not to occur to him. Instead he leaves the President and his party in a position which grows increasingly painful and which every day's delay makes it more difficult to get out of with dignity. How the so-called "party leaders" in the Senate sweat and curse as they ponder their problem! How the devilish Democrats rejoice and rub it in! Clearly, Mr. Huston will figure in the campaign this fall along with Grundy. I don't know which will help the Democratic trend more, but I do know that both will. In previous campaigns the Democrats were not equipped either with enthusiasm or publicity to take effective advantage of such breaks. This time they are—and will.

As for Dr. Grundy, such are the hidden mysteries of Pennsylvania politics that it is a little difficult to tell exactly what it was that put him on the political toboggan. The best information I can get is that the primary cause was the unexpected weakness of the revered Mr. Mellon in advocating him. Had that august person stood up manfully for the Grundy candidacy, the bust-up of the combination would not have occurred, and the blatant Mr. Davis, Mr. Mellon's colleague in the Cabinet since the good old Harding days, would not now be headed for the Senate. Why the old gentleman did not "stand up" I do not know, but I suspect it is because he has a personal distaste for Mr. Grundy, whose aggressive and assertive ways do not appeal to him. At any rate, I believe personal distaste was at the bottom of the switch of the Hon. Mr. Atterbury, president of the great Pennsylvania Railroad, with whom Mr. Grundy had played many a nice political game and whom he counted his friend. The feebleness of Mr. Mellon's advocacy and the running away of Mr. Atterbury, I am told, were sufficient to account for the flop to the Brown-Davis ticket of Mayor Mackey of Philadelphia, who everybody supposed was a very staunch Grundy supporter. Mackey, it is reliably reported, would not have gone over had he felt that in doing so he was opposing Mr. Mellon.

In any event, when he did, he solidified the Vare organization in Philadelphia. When there followed into the Brown-Davis camp the Mayor of Pittsburgh—an event which made it plain that the pure Pittsburgh machine could not be counted upon for even a reasonable degree of unity in backing Grundy—the old man seemed ditched indeed. The climax came when his friend Governor Fisher, supposed to be more or less a Grundy vassal, refused to stand for Mr. Grundy's running mate, Mr. Lewis, whereupon that valiant soldier ran from the battlefield before a gun was fired. Altogether, the way in which the Grundy combination crumbled under him was most amazing and unexpected. It upset all calculations, and confusion reigns. What a homecoming it will be for that noble young man, David A. Reed, still laboring in London to promote the peace of the world, albeit up to this time with no noticeable effect!

No one seems to waste much sympathy upon Dr. Grundy in his present situation. In his time he has ridden roughshod over so many ambitious Pennsylvania souls that the spectacle of his being rolled around by a lot of fellows who used to help him roll others seems rather a just retribution. None the less, credit must be given this hard-boiled old boy for not being a quitter; the way in which he is slashing about, first at the Philadelphia gang, then at Atterbury, then at his opponent, not only increases respect for him personally, but creates the hope that before he is through he will pull down all the veils and let us see the whole smug crew as it really is, from gentle old Andrew on down. He can do it, and will, if he gets mad enough. At this time he is pretty mad. There is no doubt of that.

The humorous phases of the situation are too good not to mention. One is the spectacle of Grundy and Gifford Pinchot seeing eye to eye on the issues, assailing the same gang and the same corporations. There is even the suggestion in the Philadelphia papers that Grundy and Gifford may combine, Gifford becoming the Grundy running-mate for governor in place of the frightened Lewis, but that would be too superb a farce; it would be too grand to happen. The other is the ardent and sincere desire of the Democrats in Washington not to have Grundy beaten.

They want Grundy to win for the same reason that they want Huston to stay in as chairman. These two are their targets. They count on them as issues. With Grundy repudiated by his party in Pennsylvania and Huston thrown out on his ear by the Committee, much of the Democratic campaign ammunition would be damp. From the Democratic angle, the ideal thing would be for Grundy to win the Pennsylvania primaries and for Hoover to insist upon Huston's retention instead of his retirement. It is too bad, but the chances seem against things working out that way.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Turgenev and Richard III

A Month in the Country, by Ivan Turgenev, translated by M. S. Mandell, acting version by Rouben Mamoulian. Guild Theater, March 24, 1930.

Richard III, Shubert Theater, April 2, 1930.

A GOOD deal of thinking must have been done by the Theater Guild before it decided finally to chance a production of Turgenev's famous play. Technically, this drama prepares the way for Chekhov, but that is likely to be of more interest to Russians than to our public. The tone of the play is somewhat unsettled and, therefore, even more difficult for American actors than it would be in Moscow. The wholeness of this play depends very largely on the undercurrent and *rapport* that the acting gives to it; and in this respect our American acting is not as capable as it might be.

"A Month in the Country," as a story, is, we all know, not unrelated to the dramatist's own life. He had for a long time a relation to a household, the wife and the husband combined, that duplicated that of Rakitin to Islaev and Islaev's wife, Natalia Petrovna—a long-continued intimacy, something like a love affair, with the status of the lover somewhat vague. During the four acts of the play we see the wife's boredom with this perfect lover—or at least this complaisant and docile worshiper—that Rakitin is; we see her interest in the new tutor she has engaged for her little son. Islaev's mother has a companion; there is a provincial doctor, full of wiles and resentments and talents for making himself diverting; and between these two a gradual betrothal comes about. There is Islaev's ward, Vera Aleksandrovna, and a musty bachelor, Bolshintsov, whose suit for Vera's hand the doctor, for a price, tries to further. Vera falls in love with the tutor and has her secret pumped out of her by Natalia Petrovna, who is also attracted by him. In the end she gives herself in despair to the foolish Bolshintsov. The husband and his wife's lover have a friendly talk, confusing to them both perhaps; the wife allows the tutor to see her infatuation; and at the very last both the lover and the tutor go away, and the household is left to make what it can out of the rambling and mild routine of its daily existence.

It is worth while setting down so jumbling an account of the situation in "A Month in the Country," if only to show how much the quality of the play lies in the characters and in the interweaving of the motives that make it up, and to show also what a curiously delicate task the Guild undertook.

For diverse reasons we may be grateful. Turgenev's piece belongs to the middle of the last century. In it we have an opportunity to see the Russian theater moving, as Ibsen did, through the mazes of the Parisian technique of the day and on toward a technique of naturalism as we know it in Chekhov. Just as in "The Doll's House"—up to that last moment when Ibsen begins to inject a moral seriousness into his fluent technical procedure, and attaches a startling moral ending to the spirited piece that he has evolved—the skeleton is French, and the animation of the motives derives from Ibsen's French masters, so in this play of Turgenev's we note the constant winding in and out of familiar themes, more or less hackneyed, or at least business-like. They are old friends, these motivations with which the French playwrights of that time constructed their dramatic houses, houses that were so often of cards, unsteady, tricky, specious and expert. Looking forward, however, instead of backward, from Turgenev's method, we see Chekhov ahead. This technical structure in "A Month in the Country" is based on racial foundations. The emotional variations, the occasional philosophy, the genuineness creeping into that dramatic panorama of personal, living and intimate moods, the blunt impact of personalities, the lack of a certain social masking and suavity—all these are Russian and promise well.

This closeness to the French technique, plus the fact of Turgenev's living so much abroad, away from Russian life, plus the fact also of his being a highly literary talent compared with some of the great Russian geniuses who followed him, will account for a good deal of that sense of uncertainty which we have in "A Month in the Country." We feel in it a statement that is not compelling, a mildness of accentuation. In a Russian production of the play no little of this elusiveness could be overcome, because of the intensity of temperament brought to the acting, the vivid subtlety and spontaneity of the characters created, and above all, the emotional flow among the persons present on the stage. But this is just the kind of stage necessity that taxes our actors most. It could not be said that the Theater Guild production of this Russian play merges everything into that elusive, unbroken current by which the play comes to life and the characters, emotions and actions reveal themselves and one another. It could not be said that the company plays together. Mr. Elliot Cabot's performance of Rakitin, the friend and lover, sins worst in this matter of *rapport*. The character himself may be reserved or unassertive, perhaps, but Mr. Cabot never seems able to connect with the other players—not even with Madame Nazimova in their closest scenes. Madame Nazimova is at the other extreme; she may not be easy for the other actors to cope with, considering her advantages as a Russian and her vivid presence, but she is always varied, alive and dramatic, and, as matters stand, supplies the thread on which the whole continuity of the drama is strung. Miss Eunice Stoddard, coming from the American Laboratory Theater by way of the Guild Studio, does them both credit in her performance of the young girl. Mr. Dudley Digges and Mr. Henry Travers, as the doctor and the moldy suitor, give character performances that, if somewhat isolated, are capital.

The handsome settings for "A Month in the Country" are reproduced by Mr. Raymond Sovey from the designs

made by Dobuzinsky for the Moscow Art Theater's production of the play, in 1909.

As an artistic venture and as an evening's entertainment, this new offering of the Theater Guild's has no little distinction.

Mr. Fritz Leiber, the head of the Chicago Civic Shakespeare Society, has included "Richard III" in his repertory at the Shubert Theater. Of the production we may say that the company is certainly more than passable. It is less starry and egotistical than most of our New York playing in Shakespeare, and quite as good, if not a little better—though that is small praise. These players under Mr. Leiber's direction have at least a certain habit of Shakespeare, and now and again some passage in their acting is more than adequate. Mr. Leiber is described in the program as playing "forthrightly," which may be as good a way as any of saying it. He has a certain authority or confidence, a fair voice, and, in the longer speeches, a fair method. In these same speeches he has a passable diction, which, by some odd chance, he appears to lose when he reverts to the casual naturalism of his short remarks; in these his *r's* are bad and his delivery drops entirely out of the style in which the scene is cast. In him and in the company there is plainly some theory at work by which Shakespeare becomes close to us and easy to approach. Such an attitude has its uses; for one thing it gives us a chance to see Shakespeare acted, however badly or however well.

What emerges for me from this performance of Shakespeare's "Richard III" is a feeling that there is very little use in giving the play at all. The history of it is far behind us, the thinking mostly lyric where it is worth much at all, the artistic concern remote. Two points interested me. One of them was the fact, so sadly apparent, that the thin covering of Renaissance veneer, poetic *chic* and studious ornament scarcely hides the brutality and crudity of the play's substance or the barbarism at its Elizabethan core. The other point turned on the fact that we have completely euchred ourselves out of any way whatsoever of doing a play like Shakespeare's "Richard III" as it was written. We have settled down on a certain realistic method which, whatever its virtues may be, is marked by evasions, by ideas of resemblance rather than style, and by a non-technical approach. The result is that when we come to this heroic manner and high-sounding speech, these patterns of pageantry, this epic savagery, and these extravagances of mood, we merely thump our way through as best we can; and the more natural we appear about it, the more helpless the whole occasion seems. No need to blame Mr. Leiber for these flounderings; they belong to all of us. And he, it must be said, seems pleasantly unaware of most of them.

To take only one instance out of many: those battlefields and piled-up dead scenes that the Elizabethans so abound in. In the Chinese theater we have lately seen a battle translated into a formal dance. Whatever we may think of the possibilities for us in such a treatment, it is at least less puerile and embarrassing than those little groups of satiny warriors scuttling through the verses on Richard's fields of battle at the Shubert. For these scenes our stage has no consistent treatment at all.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

At the Humanist Front!

SIR: Mr. Edmund Wilson's powers and spirit are sometimes equally deserving of admiration. In his biting "Notes on Babbitt and More" [The New Republic, March 19] he commands admiration only by his powers.

Mr. Wilson talks of Antigone's "impulsive and desperate gesture," when Antigone's own words, facing him not only in the Sophoclean text but in his own, declare that she obeyed "unwritten and unfailing laws." Is obedience "desperate"? Brotherhood is a bond and burial a due; but the burial of a brother is "insolent."

Mr. Babbitt is then associated with the Inquisition and with Dedham Courthouse—the stopped tongue and the stopped breath. Is this just? Mr. Wilson, at all events, appears to have been neither slain nor silenced.

Humanism approves the "will to refrain," and thus "enjoins nothing but negative behavior." As if refraining might not conduce to joy or action. *Athletes refrain.* A hog cannot refrain; a man can. Which gets most out of food? A man puts by a harlot. Does that add nothing to his relations with his wife?

"Unexamined prejudices of a Puritan heritage." Unexamined? Who knows? Prejudices? But that is what we are debating. Suppose convictions had their germs in prejudice? Origins prove nothing. Dr. Stockmann had a pirate ancestor. Does that abstract one ray from the splendor of his courage?

Experimental ventures foster art. The self-contained Virgil owed much to the romantic rebel Apollonius. No doubt, no doubt. But after all there *was* a Virgil. Suppose Mantua had reared a second Apollonius?

Mr. More objects to will-less, choiceless, aimless modernistic heroes. "Not Joyce's heroes," answers Mr. Wilson. Be Joyce what he may, is not the general description apt for the gelatine that passes for humanity in modern fiction? These heroes wished to be flames in the doorway, and they are only feathers in the wind.

The crime of Messrs. More and Babbitt is the crime of having wished to help their kind. In a dark room in which a helpless crowd jostles blindly, one man tries to strike a light. It goes out possibly. It would be a pity if the thing that blew it out were the breaths of his derisive fellow-captives.

O. W. FIRKINS.

Minneapolis, Minn.

[In regard to Antigone, the chorus describe her as the "fierce child of a fierce father," and her attitude toward Creon—with which, however, we, of course, sympathize—*is*, in fact, insolent. Obedience to an impulse such as Antigone's may be, and in this case is, "desperate."— In regard to the "will to refrain," refraining may of course "conduce to joy or action"; but the Humanists, who have so much to say about refraining, have almost nothing to say about action or joy—just as, though they dwell so severely on the necessity of the artist's being "self-contained," they have invariably denied the value of artistic experimentation.—E. W.]

SIR: Being deeply moved by the craving of a formidable number of your readers to learn what the new Humanists have produced by way of literature, and what contemporary work they have approved [see "Wanted, a Humanistic Masterpiece," The New Republic, March 26], I rise to a point of information. I propose Mr. More's "Shelburne Essays" as the most distinguished body of literary criticism of our generation.

I further remind these aspirants towards Humanism that, since it is not an esthetic but an attitude in morals, a humanistic masterpiece is likely to emerge only from a society in which humanistic morals are dominant. Given the morals that actually prevail, a humanistic masterpiece of the creative sort would be a miracle. In short, we Humanists can hardly deliver the eagerly desired goods until generally our system of morals shall be taken as seriously as it most gratifyingly seems to be by the signers of your

letter. All the same, the miracle of a masterpiece of humanistic temper does now and then occur. I am thinking of Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Cavender's House."

As to what we have approved and encouraged, perhaps my own status as a Humanist is too precarious to make my case of any significance. Yet—since, even at the risk of seeming a humanitarian, I would not leave the hungry unfed—in a desultory career as a critic of art and letters, I have, to the best of a small ability, hailed and praised the early works of about a hundred young authors and artists, and I have bought, generally from the artists themselves, perhaps a score of prints, drawings and paintings, at times when it was hard to pay the butcher. By this explanation I am not trying to acquire personal merit, but rather to give first aid to inquiring spirits who, while evidently well disposed towards the new humanism, as clearly read little and lack bibliographical resources.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER.

Princeton, N. J.

[But is it not true that Professor Babbitt and the most loyal of his disciples *do* regard Humanism as involving an esthetic as well as a moral position? Professor Mather's statement to the contrary raises grave doubts—to which his own admission seems to lend justification—as to the orthodoxy of his Humanist principles. We must insist that before the work of the artists he mentions can be accepted as authentic Humanist productions, he must first show that they have been approved at Harvard, at Chapel Hill and in the offices of The Bookman.—MALCOLM COWLEY and EDMUND WILSON.]

SIR: When your generosity to highly individualized opinions allowed you to print the letter from Mr. Alter Brody (January 29) which accused me of anti-Semitism, I did not see any need for comment. But now that one of your editors has by implication incorporated the same charge in a leading article (Mr. Malcolm Cowley, April 9), a protest seems appropriate. It happens that nothing in the article on which this charge is based ("Farewell to the Twenties," The Bookman, January, 1930), and nothing I have ever written or could write, can be fairly interpreted as showing prejudice against Jews.

The sentence of mine from which Mr. Cowley quotes reads as follows: "It [The Seven Arts] served, among other things, to draw together the two principal groups of the whole movement: the sons of recent arrivals in this country, as represented by James Oppenheim, Waldo Frank, Paul Rosenfeld, the magazine's founders; and men from towns and villages of the Middle West like Dreiser and Anderson." After saying that Paul Elmer More damns a school of American writers "because its leading members are men of no social standing," Mr. Cowley uses my sentence thus: "One of More's disciples, Seward Collins, couples this accusation with another, namely, that some prominent American writers are Jews, 'the sons of recent arrivals in this country'!"

That is, Mr. Cowley implies that this last phrase was a covert allusion to Jews, and was used as an epithet. He is mistaken in both points. There was no more reference to race in my mind than in my words: I was talking about only what I explicitly mentioned, the fact that the men had, themselves or in their families, recently had the uprooting experience of exchanging cultures. The "sons of recent arrivals" associated with The Seven Arts were not, as Mr. Cowley must know, all Jews. The three I named happened to be, but they also happened to be the three most important, which was why I named them. I assumed this would be obvious; from asking a number of people who do not share my views, including several Jews, I am satisfied that to most readers it was obvious.

It does not seem to me worth while to defend myself, and it would be superfluous of me to defend Mr. More, against Mr. Cowley's charge of snobbery, beyond remarking that it is based on a misreading. But the charge of anti-Semitism is not only a mistaken interpretation; it is an invention. It is an irrelevant, unwarranted, and objectionable introduction of racial prejudice into a debate about ideas. I hope that Mr. Cowley will share my feeling that I am entitled to a withdrawal of the implied charge.

SEWARD COLLINS.

New York City.

[The sentence which Mr. Collins quotes from his own article did, as a matter of fact, lay him open to the imputation of anti-Semitism. The three writers it mentions are not "the sons of recent arrivals in this country." Their cultural advantages were at least as great as those enjoyed by the leading Humanists. They are, however, Jews; and the reader of the essay was entitled to his own conclusions. In my article I did not draw these conclusions; I did not charge—nor do I believe—that Mr. Collins showed any more prejudice toward Jews than he showed toward non-Humanists in general. What I did charge was that Mr. Collins, Mr. More and several of their Humanist colleagues have yielded to a snobbery which leads them to attack writers, as writers, because their social background is Jewish, Irish, Middle Western, poverty-stricken, bohemian, or anything else than that of the prosperous Anglo-Saxon families who send their sons to Eastern universities. —MALCOLM COWLEY.]

A Religious Humanist Protests

SIR: The present interest of the American reading public in the group of literary Humanists has some depressing features for the growing number of religious Humanists, who find themselves a part of the Unitarian movement. Undoubtedly, there are in this country a number of people who have felt some interest in and sympathy with the religious movement now gaining headway in the Unitarian church. Now that the term Humanism is being used so widely by the group headed-up by Babbitt, some of these people will be thrown off their guard. I have had direct evidence that this condition is real. For those of us who feel ourselves part of the religious movement, this other condition seems rather unfortunate. It is, as you see, a practical matter as well as an academic or theoretical consideration.

RAYMOND B. BRAGG.

Chicago, Ill.

The Work of the Welfare Council

SIR: May I offer a correction to a paragraph which appeared in an article in your issue of December 25, 1929, entitled "Business as Usual." In the fifth paragraph of that article you say, among other things:

> Artists whose commissions for murals or portraits have been canceled, music teachers who have lost their pupils, architects with no houses to design, and upper servants who have been discharged by their suddenly impoverished employers, have all turned to the New York Welfare Council, which in turn has found its own ability to help impaired by the stock-market losses of what were in former years its heaviest contributors.

There is an implication in this statement that the Welfare Council of New York City is a relief and service organization for those who are in need. This, of course, is not the fact. There are several well established organizations in New York City serving those in need, such as the Charity Organization Society, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Catholic Charities, Jewish Social Service Association, Brooklyn Bureau of Charities and others.

The function of the Welfare Council is to act as a clearing house and coördinating center for the work of the 1,200 health and welfare services in New York City. We do not provide a direct service for clients, except that we have an information bureau which directs persons in need to the organizations that will help them, and we also maintain a central information bureau for the aged which puts aged persons in touch with institutions that will provide care.

WILLIAM HODSON,
Executive Director.

New York City.

VERSE

The Answer

What shall we say of love, we who have loved?

By God's death, boy, you ask, then shall you hear!
But drain your heart of blood,
And split your ear,
That they may both stand senseless and unmoved
To what I tell.

Ere I begin,
Cover those sweet lips,
That are too dear a bed, I swear,
To let poison in.
O cover them, I pray,
From what I say.

Latch tight the eye,
Lest through its little house
The mouse of sight
Run gnawing day and night,
Until he nest at last within the mind
And leave you blind.

The hand must sleep.
Let there be no dancing in the feet.
Call a paralysis
To creep,
That bones so ivory-white and delicate
Shall not be bait:
Pain is hungry and importunate.

Hide, hide your head
Deep in your bed.
O mimic Death,
Then will this worse than Death pass by.

You sigh, boy?
You would not have me cease?
Must I destroy
Your very nerves to leave you numb
To music that must come,
To storm and song and light,
To days enchanted as a bell
Rung in heaven from confines of hell?

O must I blind you twice
Lest you shall see
On the warm hillside of your shoulder
A face than a flower lovelier,
And colder!

No, no! Forget those words!
I did not, I did not speak them!
They were only a deceit
That memories repeat.

Or bleed your heart again?
The rivers of your veins gone dry,
No vein feels
The silken sliding of the keels
Of conquering soft armadas that set sail,
Launched by the caress
Of your mistress.

O boy, shut your ears!
Those sounds you heard were the distress
Of fire
Beating through smoke heavy as stone,
Fire stricken and alone
In wilderness.

False tongue, be still!
Stay your immoral wagging
That says one word when I would say another,
Whispering with roses where I'd strike with steel,
Whispering lies.

What shall we say of love?

Insatiate still?
Then this will fill you,
For such a tide as never ocean knew
Will sing one moment through your loins
And set you seeding
Ground in whose frail harvest you shall see
Your sole and mortal
Immortality.

Boy,
For all the jigging of your thigh,
The sower and the seed
Shall die,
Shall be no more than something that the rain
Stamps upon,
Something that the wind
Puts by.

HAROLD LEWIS COOK.

Pagan Year

December's eyes are shut, but cannot kill
The colors out of the world. They live, suppressed
Yet strong, shining in secret, live and still
With brooding sables, with cinder and plum attest
The absent light, who with his longed re-birth
Unclots the world to an airy dream of leaves,
That June once more must curdle into earth,
Till the huge elms hang dark above the sheaves.

Magical autumn! all the woods are foxes,
Dozing outstretched in the almost silvery sun.
Oh, bright sad woods and melancholy sky,
Is there no cure for Beauty but to run
Yet faster as faster flee hours, flowers and doxies
And dying music, till we also die?

ALDOUS HUXLEY.

The Sense of the Past

The Sense of Glory, by Herbert Read. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 228 pages. $3.

OURS IS an age with "so few illusions, such poor outlets for emotion and reverence," that Mr. Herbert Read turns chiefly to the literature of the past for that radiance and *grandeur d'âme* which—quite like Professor Babbitt—he finds wanting in modern men. In the diverse careers and works of Froissart, Malory, Vauvenargues, and even the Victorian Walter Bagehot, the young English critic discovers that inward "sense of glory" which is an affair of personal satisfaction rather than public fame. For these men of the Middle Ages and the later Renaissance,

> glory was the measure of all things, the crown of all virtues. For us it has become something remote and elusive; even something romantic and literary. We have lost the sense of glory because we have lost the habit of faith. We neither love deeply enough, nor feel deeply enough, nor think deeply enough, to enjoy life's most impressive sanctions.

Before the reader acquires the notion that Mr. Read is but a maker of Jeremiads, I must hasten to say that the collected and, for the greater part, excellently organized essays which compose "The Sense of Glory," appeal to us as unusually graceful and intelligent criticism. Mr. Read writes with suavity, learning and a genuine knowledge of the nooks and crannies in which good literature may be found. His flair for good style and his grasp of esthetic problems is far more certain than that of our own literary moralists. He has, moreover, the art of making the essay dramatic by representing the growth of both character and ideas, by building the form of his essay with deftness and vigor. And what is doubly interesting is that the critic arrives at an attitude, a position which he defends; it is essentially the position of the neo-Thomists or classicists of England and France; and at heart it quarrels with nearly all the values of modern life and its representative literature, whatever that may be.

The now familiar conservative-classical views are epitomized, in this case, somewhat hazily by the idea of "glory." His sense of "glory" Mr. Read defines in many ways, through the various personalities chosen as his vehicle. Thus, in the medieval world of Froissart the lay ideals of chivalry, with its code of honor—what honor have we?—are seen side by side with those of Christianity. In Malory, glory is still associated with "bold bawdry and open manslaughter"; but the gentler principle of "worship" (worth-ship) now tempers it, and it is also identified with love. But it is Vauvenargues, the brilliant and ill-starred French moralist of the eighteenth century, who embodies best of all the later, purer conception of glory which Mr. Read would urge. This courtier-soldier-philosopher, who has been driven by the most intense ambition, is pursued by misfortunes and broken in body by wounds received in battle. Then, facing an early death, he gives himself, not to despair, but by means of the deep, clear springs of moral strength in him, to a final quest of intellectual glory. In this sense, Mr. Read is careful to explain, glory must not be confused with military grandeur and fame; it is "a private and discreet virtue, and is only fully realized in solitariness." In his resignation, the appealing Vauvenargues is all stoical and ascetic. Glory for him is now something which may be gained only through universal passions. It is the fountain of human virtues, the motive force which has lifted the world from barbarism and brought the arts to their perfection. For Vauvenargues, resorting in his last straits to the pen, glory has become eloquence.

Nevertheless, for all Mr. Read's own eloquence, we wonder whether the conception of glory can be useful to us in anything more than its amateur or esthetic quality. The sense which he has given to the term, in apotheosizing it, is, after all, that of virtue and intellectual perfection; and this is at bottom the sense in which the newer Tories, Classicists and neo-Humanists mean to attack the tendencies and the *moeurs* of the modern age.

Shall we be "glorious," restrained, virtuous, wise? Certainly, those of us who are privileged enough to be chiefly moral animals, those who have the liberty to dispose as they will of their faculties and passions. But what if the great masses of men do not feel this liberty, but know themselves only as economic animals, as a helpless part of the immense "naturalist" mechanism, which may be censured and attacked, but which is too implacable to heed attacks?

Indeed, we are simply beset nowadays by the New Pietists, with their slogans of "moral nobility," or "virtue," or "inner checks." These men are, as Kenneth Burke has aptly said, like those who would change the conditions of the real world "by defining them away." So that critics such as T. S. Eliot and Herbert Read, who, some years ago, probably delighted in the more forbidden and cynical masters, have made an about-face; they demand that we resume the "habit of faith," that we live in the light of dogmas and a fixed ethical system. Their writings now strike overtones—so entirely unwonted!—of piety and yearning for religious consolations. And who is to safeguard us against a reversion, in criticism at any rate, to some form of Puritanism? Despite his good manners, even Mr. Read has his excesses. The materialistic philosophy of Descartes, he concludes, "is deficient in the sense of glory"; Swift had no "greatness of soul"; and in the case of Laurence Sterne, it is of the sermons that he must speak to us, sermons which, one persists in believing, existed only in marginal relation to Sterne's real nature. And finally, with reference to Henry James (whose technical greatness is well interpreted), it is his "moral dignity" that Mr. Read ends by admiring, that very moral dignity, accentuated by naïveté and a kind of inertia, which has always seemed the one dreadful limitation of the great novelist.

On the whole, we should welcome the attack which has been leveled by the new classicists and the so-called "Humanists." It may result eventually in stimulating those who are neither Tory nor devout to define *their* opposition or *their* sense of modernity. In the meantime, we may say critically of the Tory-classicists in England, such as Herbert Read and T. S. Eliot, that their faith seems something synthetic. Religion—if that is their enterprise—has apparently been clutched at as if it were a drug certain to improve their style. Again, it is religion with a highly aristocratic flavor; it resembles in no way that faith which rises from the passion or fear of whole peoples, but has rather the character of a complex, ornate, esthetic cult, and as such can scarcely hope to impose itself upon the modern world.

The real power and wealth of this modern world is drawn from its masses and their mass-activities. Human life is ruled more and more imperatively by the most rigid economic sequences (*vide*, mechanism) which are sharply heeded even by dictators. Its amelioration will be possible only in the terms of its own immediate realities. Yet our

classical moralists have their eyes fixed on the past rather than on the irritating present. They have acquired the habit of cursing the tides and the seasons.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

Scanties and Platitudes

The Party Dress, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. HERGESHEIMER, if he is not an artist, is at least a competent craftsman always, and this does, I suppose, entitle him to serious critical attention, no matter what he chooses to write. There is a quiet authority, a polished richness about his style which, although it never flashes into spontaneity and freshness, nevertheless makes pleasant reading. He may have nothing whatever to say, but he says it with enough skill and distinction to cover up a much worse fault than lack of spontaneity—a mediocrity of mind, or something perilously close to it.

I have read none of Mr. Hergesheimer's work since "Balisand," published in 1924. Of that novel, and of the ones that preceded it, I have retained little but a hazy recollection of glamor and a certain still beauty—of artificial, impossibly romantic men and women moving across a tapestried background with a dignity they could never have possessed. They had the stiff charm of portraits of forgotten ancestors painted by forgotten men to flatter and to please; they might survive, not from any fidelity to life, but simply because of an inherent capacity to give pleasure. Perhaps this impression was erroneous, due not so much to the skill of Mr. Hergesheimer as to some emotional or temporal circumstances of my own; certainly, however, the impression which this present book has left cannot be wrong. Of beauty or glamor in "The Party Dress" there is not a trace; it is the sort of thing Michael Arlen might write if he decided to tackle Main Street, and if his powers of observation were a little keener than they seem to be. It is Mr. Hergesheimer's own particular bird's-eye view of Main Street; he has failed, not so much because fashions in fiction change in a decade, as because he is so half-hearted about his work. One cannot help feeling that he is altogether too fond of creature comforts—porcelain bathroom fixtures and fine linen and rum swizzles—to be able to point an authentically contemptuous finger at the civilization which is said, rather too often, to have apotheosized the things of the flesh. Mr. Hergesheimer's predilections, as betrayed by "The Party Dress" are curiously material. Even the person whom he describes as an historically minded idealist, a middle-aged gentleman named Chalke Ewing who, like Boy Fenwick in "The Green Hat," dies for purity, has similar weaknesses; he can think of no better way to improve the habits of the American woman than to teach her how to wear a mantilla and flourish a great big fan. Chalke Ewing's idea, and it is obviously Mr. Hergesheimer's as well, would be to surround us and keep us eternally surrounded by a flock of Hollywood ingenues.

Ewing, all the same, is the one individual in the novel whom Mr. Hergesheimer has not intentionally made commonplace. Long residence in Cuba as a sugar-planter has given him an unholy liking for Bacardi, platitudinous speechmaking (quotation forbidden "in any part thereof" by the publishers) and long black cigars; he comes to spend a month in a small town between Philadelphia and Wilmington in which the ostensibly respectable middle classes swill their gin, play their golf and bridge, and indulge in their customary infidelities at the Country Club on Saturday nights. Until the appearance of Chalke, Nina Henry, forty-two and bored by everything but a new dress from Paris, has been at least physically faithful to her husband, a lumberman with $50,000 a year, but Chalke and the Paris dress appear simultaneously in Eastlake, and Chalke is smitten. Because of Chalke's singular speeches and manners, so is Nina; she immediately decides to have an "affair." Chalke, however, is an honorable, decent man with a profound detestation of a *liaison dangereuse*, and so when Nina finally triumphs over his scruples he promptly starts back for Cuba, and the next thing one hears of him is that he is dead—killed by his own hand in a Cuban railway carriage. As Nina says, he has escaped her—she is left to comfort as best she can a dull-witted husband whose own furtive "affair" has just, greatly to her regret, been brought to an untimely end. It is extremely difficult to sympathize with either of them. "Nina liked the excitement of sitting beside Chalke Ewing on the running-board of her car and drying her legs with his undershirt. Ever since she could remember she had wanted to do something like that." . . . I risk the dangers of partial quotation in order to pass on a sneaking suspicion that what she missed most was not the dead Chalke but the thrill of using a gentleman's, any gentleman's, undershirt.

Mr. Hergesheimer is a careful observer. He knows a great deal about the upper middle class in provincial towns—its stupidity and bigotry, its scabrous cowardice. He knows a great deal about women's undergarments (incidentally the Paris dress is not as long as it properly ought to be), he knows the proper appetizer to use with cocktails, the improper manners of matrons on midnight swimming parties. Unfortunately, about the human heart and the human mind he does not know so much—or if he does, he writes very badly indeed about them.

HOWARD COXE.

O Sister, Sister!

Daughters of Eve, by Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 304 pages. $3.50.

Women Have Told: Studies in the Feminist Tradition, by Amy Wellington. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 204 pages. $2.50.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, by Louise Schutz Boas. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 216 pages. $3.50.

TO Miss Wellington, Mrs. Browning is the militant author of "Aurora Leigh." To Mrs. Boas, she is sonneteer and amorist. "Her work stood alone," says the former, "quite apart from her personal life": we see Elizabeth on the warpath against child labor, Victorian pseudo-chivalry, the enemies of Italy, and "the hell of sexual crime." Now from a romantic character she "tears away the sentimental veil"; again "a veil is torn from the white-slave traffic."

No veils are rent by Mrs. Boas's Elizabeth, who is not equipped by her biographer with a thesis. But Miss Wellington's sketches of thirteen literary feminists from Mary Wollstonecraft to Rebecca West are all contentious. There is a good deal of righteous indignation against man and his world, besides a frank bitterness which betrays how this writer has let her capacity for feeling turn life's tragi-comedy into serious melodrama. Her method is a summary pigeonholing, too rapid and dogmatic to be convincing. Her indictment would be more effective if it

were less waspish: she adds no weight to her defense of a neglected work of May Sinclair by impugning the motives of "our masculine reviewers." Yet, warped as her yardstick is, she has written, apparently without much enjoyment, a pathetically challenging little book.

Robert Browning was also a masculine reviewer, but he called his wife's sonnets the finest since Shakespeare's. If the world no longer thinks so, and has given the laurels that once were hers to Christina Rossetti, it is because the idea Elizabeth built her sonnets around has been outmoded. "The conquering of death by love," as Mrs. Boas formulates it, flies in the face of the inescapable fact that nothing conquers death, and that in "Sonnets from the Portuguese" it is not death we are facing, but a Victorian "fainting female's" timidity, physical indolence, morbidity and prudery. The quoted epithet is Mrs. Boas's, not mine. Just how seriously she takes her subject is not clear. The famous courtship looms largest—exactly one-third of her book is given over to it. But after she has told how Robert "quaintly remarked 'you can't kiss Mind,'" and has quoted the letter in which he informed Elizabeth that he wanted her body, "and now," the author's decision to drop at the church door this aspect of the marriage of true minds makes the rest of her book a little anti-climactic. If fleshly details are to be introduced at all, one suspects that the marital experiments and adjustments of these eminent Victorians would be more instructive than either their pre-nuptial cooings or the pretty tricks of the Browning dog and the Browning baby. Nevertheless, Mrs. Boas is entertaining throughout, and her last chapter, quite free from smartness, is genuinely moving.

Both the works already noticed are somewhat defective at the very point at which the third excels, for perfect focus is Mr. Bradford's habit, apparently acquired so casually, actually with what intelligence and delicacy. Mr. Bradford's generous dedication of his latest volume to Mr. Lytton Strachey, "who makes biography not only a curious science but an exquisite art," is even more applicable to his own contribution. Mr. Bradford always inspires confidence in his essential soundness and freedom from prejudice. We may disagree with his conclusion, but we are certain he began with an open mind and went where the evidence led. And how admirably his work holds up!

For all the ladies of the present gallery—Ninon de Lenclos, Mme. de Maintenon, Mme. Guyon, Mlle. de Lespinasse, Catherine the Great, George Sand and Sarah Bernhardt—it is plain he has the kind of weakness that proves a source of strength and delight. "O sister, sister! —sister every way!" retorts Congreve's Mrs. Frail. These ladies of Mr. Bradford's are all Eve's daughters, but each tastes her apple with a difference. In achieving these portraits, the artist is led, perhaps necessarily, to minimize the relation of his subjects to the general current of ideas. "The only aspect of beauty," he observes, "that I do not find registered in connection with Ninon is the appreciation of Nature"; but he feels "confident that one who was so alive to the depths and possibilities of reflection must have been capable of enjoying solitary walks in wide fields and deep woods." Mr. Bradford is, of course, well aware of the contempt for the countryside then affected in the salon. And while one is sure he knows, he certainly does not suggest, that "Mme. Guyon's characteristic . . . feeling that, when her children are ill or suffer . . . it is a special visitation of Providence intended for trial and discipline to *her*" was a commonplace of religious faith. The astonishing thing would be to find Mme. Guyon thinking otherwise.

Perhaps this reflection on Mr. Bradford's science is more important as a point in favor of his art. He writes, not as historian, but as psychographer, and must be granted the same scope in selection and omission, and the same right to concentration, as the portrait painter in oils. One is almost compelled to believe that men (and in this volume women, too,) really do have souls, so subtly yet so powerfully does Mr. Bradford draw them.

HAZELTON SPENCER.

Philosophy of Value

Philosophy of Value, by Leo R. Ward, C.S.C. New York: The Macmillan Company. 263 pages. $2.25.

EFFORTS of Catholics to adjust their tradition to modern conceptions have generally resulted in neither adjustment nor orthodoxy. Our own Al Smith's opinions on the relation of Church, State and education were unsatisfactory to both non-Catholics and Rome. The Modernist movement within the Church, timid and vague enough, has been driven underground by Pius X. Similarly, in the field of philosophy, Catholic attempts to reach a dubious agreement with non-religious philosophers have, most of them, been placed on the Index.

There is probably no danger that Mr. Ward's cautiously written "Philosophy of Value" will be so distinguished. Yet neither the Church nor outsiders will find it satisfactory. By those of his own faith Mr. Ward will be considered to give too much weight to the philosophy of action. By others, though he follows superficially the shift toward value theory, away from the classical problem of Being; declares his theory of value democratic, not oligarchic; and considers the philosophy of value to be concerned solely with the meaning of action, Mr. Ward will, nevertheless, be found to have no real agreement with non-religious philosophy. He has learned from the moderns to cover up his aprioristic method, to talk of beginning with experience and sticking close to it, to quote them (none too appropriately) as in agreement with him on non-essentials. But the final result is unhappy, for Mr. Ward has quite deliberately avoided the one task at which he might have been valuable: a clear and concise statement of the ultimate issues on which Catholicism disagrees with most contemporary value theory. Mr. Ward says: "Of current conceptions of value we accept some, at least in part; though of course there often go with admirable definitions of value implications which we leave to those whose view of the universe is not ours." (Can one accept "admirable definitions" and not their implications?) Mr. Ward, then, confessedly starts from his view of the universe, rather than from experience, so he might have expressed that view clearly. But this he allocates to "other philosophical sciences."

Obviously, such a procedure does not make for clarity. For instance, Mr. Ward follows Aristotle and Aquinas in saying that in the value relation "the object of action moves to action, but is itself unaffected," whereas realism and pragmatism would say that the object is decidedly affected. In thus conceiving of value as inhering in the object, Mr. Ward would have us believe that he is giving us the testimony of "common sense," of experience, when the truth is that such a conception of value is dictated to him by Catholic dogma. The Thomist universe is a "block universe" with value-objects antecedently given by God; a universe where all values already exist, in which good is given to man, not made by him; value "is there" for him to take, except that his imperfection prevents him from getting much of it. The contrary conception of value, agreed to

by all contemporary philosophy except super-idealism, that objects acquire value only when man finds them valuable, Mr. Ward must reject, not because experience does not bear it out, but because of its implications. If objects acquire value, if man can construct values, then man is adding to the sum of good in the universe; similarly, if values are not antecedently in the object it would follow that God, if equivalent to value, is dependent on human consciousness. These conceptions of value, and such ideas as creative intelligence, progress and emergence, imply an unfinished universe in which man truly plays the chief role in his own salvation. Mr. Ward would have done us a better service if he had admitted that he does not start from experience but from Being. Then he might have clarified the ultimate issues instead of slurring them over.

FELIX MORROW.

Edward Coke

Edward Coke: Oracle of the Law, by Hastings Lyon and Herman Block. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 385 pages. $5.

THE AUTHORS of this well illustrated and well indexed volume have recounted the facts of Coke's life in a lively fashion and with considerable detail. Murder mysteries, scandalous divorces, conspiracies, state trials and high politics are the main themes played over a *continuo* of court intrigue. If the reader demands a study of character as well, there is ample matter in the perpetual enigma of Bacon and the problem of Coke himself. There are, indeed, very few persons in the book whom one can really like, and with the passing of the bluff old Queen, there is little that is truly heroic until Coke has finished his career of official honors; but from that point onward the story rises rapidly towards the tragedy of Bacon and the epic of the Petition of Right.

The oracle of the law moved through this tangled plot with conspicuous ease and success. His first important case, won unexpectedly on a point of minute technicality, struck the keynote of his career, and his immense learning rapidly built him a fabulous reputation. For all that, the authors show that upon some occasions he deliberately stretched his credit as an oracle and was exposed. Still, the prevailing opinion of contemporaries was that Coke was infallible.

As Solicitor-General and Speaker of the House of Commons, his greatest service was to frustrate an attempt by his rival, Francis Bacon, to assert the privileges of the House, and for this he was made Attorney-General. Here the worst side of his character was developed in a long series of state trials which he prosecuted with great bitterness. To the end he could never resist, even when on the bench, the fascination of working up a prosecution.

When in due course he was raised to the Common Pleas, a fresh side of his character was brought into prominence. To his oracularity he added remarkable stubbornness and a delight in causing trouble. He provoked conflicts with the ecclesiastical courts and with Chancery, and dealt hard blows at the prerogative. At last he was "kicked upstairs" to the King's Bench and prepared the prosecution in the Overbury murder case, knowing that he would preside later at the trial—a proceeding which he had denounced as grossly unfair only a year previously. Such contradictions as this are all too frequent in his career and create a suspicion that even his finest moments were not entirely free from personal weaknesses and animosities.

Finally he was dismissed from the King's Bench, and immediately planned a marriage alliance between his daughter and Lord Purbeck—a physical and mental wreck—in order to get the favor of Purbeck's brother, the Duke of Buckingham. The result was a series of ridiculous and discreditable incidents (occasionally even riots) between Coke and his shrewish wife, Lady Hatton. The move failed. The Crown had no further use for Coke save in such dirty work as executing Raleigh and unearthing a Treasury scandal. He therefore returned to the House of Commons, baited Bacon on the monopoly question (on which both of them had changed sides) and consummated a lifetime's rivalry with the trial and fall of the philosopher-Chancellor—and here it is fair to say that he showed no indecent eagerness for his victim's ruin, but (in Macaulay's words) "for the first time in his life behaved like a gentleman." At long last, he devoted his energies to a cause, consistently and without counting the cost. A defense of free speech in the House cost him seven months in the Tower. In 1628 came the supreme moment in his life, the presentation and acceptance of the Petition of Right, embodying principles of political liberty which every modern constitution has repeated. Scenes of tense emotion in the Commons were dominated by the rugged personality of the aged lawyer, now in his seventy-sixth year, who, when all the rest were dumb, fearlessly denounced the Duke of Buckingham as a menace to civil liberty. It was a splendid moment—if one could forget young Frances Coke sacrificed, and in vain, to this same favorite. Once again Coke was to have a signal triumph over a personal enemy, for Buckingham was first impeached, and soon assassinated.

Now he could rest, leaving the struggle to younger men, and like a later "Tiger" retired to the country to write. For five years the court was in fear of the oracle's last utterance, and when he died his papers were seized, and the last words, whatever they were, were lost. Of his work and place in history, the authors say little, but from their careful story the reader will single out the Petition of Right as Coke's greatest achievement. His legal writings must come next. His work for the law was too mixed with good and evil to be appraised without much technical research. Last must come the long years of office, which give most ground for criticism of his aims and character, and these were the years of his pride.

THEODORE F. T. PLUCKNETT.

"Poetic Intimacies"

Letters to Women, Poetic Intimacies, by Joseph Auslander. New York: Harper and Brothers. 85 pages. $2.

WHAT THE Englishman said of fox-hunting in general, "The movements are ridiculous, and the pleasure is only momentary," may appropriately be applied to these "poetic intimacies" of Joseph Auslander's. He wrote to dead ladies, because, among other reasons, "it was so much safer than writing letters to ladies alive [and, if anything, less contemporaneous], with husbands in the offing somewhere." I do not suppose Mr. Auslander intended to be droll, though it might be more charitable to assume that he did. Capers necessary to the performance of a comic artist, lack of pride and lack of taste, are not such venial offenses in work that is meant to be taken seriously.

Like the old man who went off on a spree, our artist has overdone it. Questions of manner, intention and tone politely passed over, we find his style chiefly distinguished

for its extravagance. Sentences run on and on; there are many of over a hundred words, one a monster of two hundred and sixty-three. Metaphors multiply, images confuse; there are at least thirty in the short letter to Elinor Wylie. Mr. Auslander is especially generous with the adjective *dark;* it has been used to describe the "bed that was your hair," "breasts," "chaos," "cloth," "color of old tears," "crystal of your eye," "decisive hair," "earth," "flower," "industrial *(sic)* bass of bees," "intimate stillness,' "intention," "libation," "silver friend," "you." . . .

Judged, indulgently enough, by their own intention to establish "a level of intercourse which could be friendly without offense and intimate without confusion," these letters to women must be considered pretty incompetent art. By other standards, they may be more successful; one of them has already won a thousand dollars.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

Contributors

DUFF GILFOND, a Washington journalist, is at present working on a biography of Calvin Coolidge.

JOHN DOS PASSOS, the well known novelist, is the author of "Manhattan Transfer," "The 42nd Parallel" and other books.

WALLACE STEVENS, poet and lawyer, is the author of "Harmonium."

PADRAIC COLUM, the Irish poet and prose writer, is the author of "Dramatic Legends," "Creatures" and other books. "Old Pastures," a book of verse, is announced for early publication.

MARIE DE L. WELCH has contributed poems to periodicals in the United States and England.

ALDOUS HUXLEY, poet, novelist and critic, is the author of "Point Counterpoint," "Proper Studies" and other books.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, biographer and essayist, is the author of "Zola and His Time." His new book, "Portrait of the Artist as American," is announced for late spring publication.

HOWARD COXE, a former New York journalist and foreign correspondent, is the author of "Passage to the Sky," a novel.

HAZELTON SPENCER is professor of English at Johns Hopkins University.

FELIX MORROW is a New York journalist. He contributes critical and philosophical essays to The Menorah Journal, The Symposium and other periodicals.

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